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OLD ECHOES.

You wonder that my tears should flow
  In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskilful sounds should fill
  My soul with joy and pain—
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
  Within my heart again?

You wonder why that common phrase,
  So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
  And thrill my soul to hear—
How can you tell what ancient charm
  Has made me hold it dear?

You smile to see me turn and speak
  With one whose converse you despise,
You do not see the dreams of old
  That with his voice arise—
How can you tell what links have made
  Him sacred in my eyes?

O, these are voices of the past,
  Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to times
  Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
  The echoes that remain.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

NO existence could be more calm and tranquil than now. Everything is orderly and regular; and yet one is never made uncomfortable by a sense of restriction and suppression such as Mrs. Gower's stringent regulations caused.

Were I naturally untidy and careless—I don't think I am very—I should be neat and orderly instinctively in granny's house and with her example before me.

At seven o'clock we rise, and at eight we sit down to breakfast—tea, a pat of fresh butter, a little brown loaf, two eggs or rashers of toasted bacon, served on a cloth as smooth, white, and spotless as possible.

The most pressing affairs of the day are done between breakfast and dinner.

After that granny dozes for half an hour, and then sets to read one of her favorite books—"Pickwick," which she enjoys heartily, "The Voyages of Captain Cook," in three ponderous volumes, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," which sometimes tickles her sense of humor, though I cannot see how or why, and sometimes excites a feeling of veneration and devotion.

But she loves most to chat; and, if I have not a book in my hand, she will glance over the top of her glasses now and then at me, and with increasing frequency, until at last she closes her book, and, drawing off her spectacles with a queer little twitch of her eyelids, says—

"Now, lovey, let us have a little gossip about things in general."

After tea, William, in his white cap and apron, comes into the shop, and granny and I go for a walk.

And a very pleasant part of the days routine this is, for granny has something pleasant to say—some sage reflection, or sweet or humorous remark about anything that we chance to regard, no matter how insignificant in itself the thing is.

She is very widely known, and no royal person "walking abroad"—that is one of her phrases—could receive more frequent marks of respect nor acknowledge them with more becoming grace.

At half-past eight we have supper—bread and butter, with cream-cheese or some fruit.

After that Jane comes into the parlor and takes her seat in the corner, and granny reads a chapter of the Bible aloud.

William has been present at his ceremony since.

On other evenings he has gone out for a stroll, and to smoke his pipe, which he prefers.

"The comfort of piety is less necessary to men than to us women," granny tells me, in explanation of his defection.

And then we separate, granny and I, with a kiss and kindly wishes, and go to bed.

Surely, under such favorable conditions, I ought to be happy—or, if not happy, at least not discontented with my lot!

And yet when I lie down at night, my heart is heavy, and it is not light when I rise in the morning.

There must be some foolish or evil bent in my disposition.

Why else, when my reason tells me I should rejoice, does my heart repine? It is madness to grieve because that is not which never could have been.

It is wicked to think of him, yet my heart glows, as I write with unquenched love.

I have prayed and prayed for strength to think of him no more until my rebellious thoughts have made the prayer a mockery.

* * * * *

November 11—Kennington.

There has been a very thick fog to-day, the first I have ever seen.

Granny would have kept me at home, but I would not be persuaded by the dear soul.

It was with difficulty I assured myself that I had not lost my way, and, had it not been for the brass plate on the gate, I could not have distinguished the school where I had an engagement as teacher of French, from the houses on either side. Nearly all the day-scholars were absent.

Miss Fletcher scolded me for coming whilst praising me for my attendance, and, as soon as it grew a little less dense, insisted upon my going home.

I was surprised to hear that Mr. Gower had visited granny this morning.

"A little matter of business brought him, my dear," she said; but that made his coming only the more odd, since business in the ordinary way is about the last thing in the world that would make him undertake such an unpleasant journey. Granny has been grave all day.

I hope with all my heart that this business-matter is not the cause.

It would not surprise me to find that she is pinched for money, for trade is worse now than ever, ladies and gentlemen being afraid to go out in such weather as we have had since October; and she cannot sell enough biscuits in a week to pay William's wages.

November 15.

Thank Heaven, the fears I had lately on granny's account were ill-founded!

This being half-holiday—Wednesday—I left Miss Fletcher's at twelve o'clock, and, thinking of nothing in particular—except it was that the fallen chestnut-leaves smelt very nice, that it was pleasant to see a little sunlight once more after the horrid fogs, that it is very droll to keep ringing a bell when one has muffins to sell, or on some such, unimportant subject—I had just passed the corner of Audrey Road, when I was nearly scared out of my senses by the three girls, Beatrice, Edith, and Maud, bouncing down upon me, like great Tom-boys as they are, from the wall by the doctor's where they had been waiting in ambush for me.

I think I am getting cross as well as old.

Certainly it takes less to irritate me now than it used.

I felt quite angry with the girls for frightening me, instead of being delighted to see them.

"You shouldn't do that!" I said, kissing them all the same. "There are two ladies on the other side of the way who look quite astounded."

"Oh, isn't ducky proper now she's a governess?" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Hush, Miss Gow-ah!" said Edith with mock severity. "Don't you know that walls have e-ars, and that 'ducky' is not your teach-eh's proper name?"

"I vote we walk two and two, and be careful to keep our eyes before us," said Maud.

"Don't be stupid—I didn't mean to be cross—but you—frightened me," I said, with another kiss at each break where I have put a dash for one of them. "Why, who could have expected to see you? Where's Gwenny?"

"Oh, she's gone with ma! That's why we're here."

"The enemy has retired in complete disorder," said Maud, with a triumphant flourish of her hand.

"And the first thing we did when Gwenny told us they weren't coming back to-day was to look in Bradshaw and find out how we were to get from Camden Road to Clapham with the least delay."

"Yes; and we made up our mind to startle you as you were going home."

"And we did."

"We are a happy family!" said Edith; and then her sisters cried out in chorus, "We are, we are, we are!"—and the two ladies on the other side of the way must have been more shocked than before.

For my part, I could not help laughing at the exuberant spirits of these girls. Edith and Trix had hold of my arms; Maud, compelled to take an outside place, said—

"Very good, my dear children. I warn you that, if I'm to go outside to oblige you now, I shall sleep with ducky to-night."

"Are you going to stay all night?" I asked.

"Of course we are! We're going to take granny by storm. Won't she open her eyes and lift up her dear old hands in surprise to see us marching in?"

"Oh, I'll tell you what! Ducky shall go in first; then, when we've counted fifty, Trix shall go in; then Edith shall follow after another fifty; and, when I've counted the same, I'll walk in. Granny will think there's never going to be an end to the gang!" she said.

"Gang!" said I.

"Is that very wrong, ducky? So sorry! I meant 'crew.'"

Thus they rattled on, one piece of nonsense after another, until at length they all ceased, as if from exhaustion.

Then I asked where Mrs. Gower was gone.

"To Marlow."

"Marlow!" I exclaimed, with a strange trembling, and wondering what could possibly take Mrs. Gower thither at this time of the year.

"Haven't you heard?"

"Don't you know what's happened?"

"Didn't pa tell you when he came last week?"

"No," I replied, more and more astonished by these rapid questions. "What has happened?"

"Why, Eighths has run away from the Abbey!"

"Run away?"

"Yes, with Barton—Gilbert's servant—a base, wicked woman! I knew she'd do something shameful in the end."

I remembered Barton, the handsome servant that had waited upon us when we were crossing the Channel, and I remembered his covert unpleasant glances at me from behind his master's chair.

"Ma doesn't know that she's run away with a footman, or, if she does, she pretends not to know. Gilbert has said nothing about it."

"That's characteristic of him poor old fellow!" said Beatrice. "He has never said a word about his wife's faults. He just lets people think that he's cruel and tyrannical to his wife, and suffers ma to circulate whatever rumors it may please her to invent, without attempting to throw the blame off himself upon Eighths by showing what a vile creature she is."

"I wish some one would tell the whole truth. Pa ought; but he is such a coward!"

"He told us. The lawyer engaged by ma to investigate matters found it out and told him, you know, ducky. Gilbert has not said a word even to the lawyer engaged against him."

"Against him?" I said, in astonishment.

"Yes. It's an awful blow to ma to have it supposed even that Eighths has run away from her husband.

"People would imagine that she did not run away alone and there'd be an end to ma's status in snobocracy.

"People couldn't be proud of knowing the ma of Lady Linton if it was widely conjectured that Lady Linton had brought shame upon her husband. Ma would be at a discount."

"Take a back row at once."

"It would be as bad for her as if pa were to open a butcher's shop."

"What a bit of fun that would be!"

"Hush, Edith!" said I.

"Well, one may as well say a thing as feel it; and I know we should all rejoice in our hearts at ma's mortification. I don't see anything to respect, let alone revere, in a woman who is just as snobbish in her own circle as the Jews at Margate. Fine airs and coarse feelings are the very essence of vulgarity.

"What do you think, ducky? Don't you think that we three girls, though we do use slang, and are rough and rude, are less vulgar than ma?"

"But what can Mrs. Gower do to injure Sir Gilbert Linton?" I asked. "If Lady Linton has gone away, and her husband refuses to ascribe a reason, it seems to me that nothing more can be said."

"That shows how little you know of ma. She'd do the wickedest, meanest thing in the word to save herself from falling in the estimation of her friends and admirers. Look what a triumph it would be to all the little sycophants who court her society now if they could cut her dead in 'society' or snub her anyhow!

"They hate each other like cats in a bag, those superfine superi-ah Camden Squ-eah ladies!"

"You haven't answered ducky's question as to what ma's doing to injure Gilbert. She's trying to make it suspected that Gilbert has murdered Eighths."

"Oh!"

"Isn't it shameful? You see, ducky, when our sweet step-sister bolted with her husband's footman and her jewels, she thought it best to get the river between herself and Sir Gilbert as soon as possible. So the boat was taken from the boathouse, and when it had carried her across it was left to float down with the current. The wreck of it was found the next morning at the foot of a weir."

"Is it known that she crossed?" I asked, with a faltering voice.

"Oh, yes! She and the footman were seen twice afterwards. Of course no one is supposed to know that. The solicitor told pa, because he thought pa was as greatly interested as ma in proving Sir Gilbert guilty of murder."

"And because pa will have to pay the solicitor's fees," suggested Maud.

"Ma will move heaven and earth to save her daughter's reputation. You may be sure she will find means to suppress the rumors that Lady Linton has been seen

since the night she left the Abbey. The solicitor hinted to pa that a certain sum of money judiciously spent would make those people who saw Elgitha doubt their own senses and believe that they were mistaken. Ma's put us all in deep mourning."

"But we took it off as soon as she was out of the house this morning."

"Yes; and she's gone down to Marlow to show her crape. People always believe in crape, you know; and I believe, if a hundred witnesses were to swear they had seen Elgitha, the world would point to ma's crape and say it was impossible."

"I wish it was not mean to write anonymous letters. I should like to let every one on ma's visiting-list know the whole truth."

"It's an awful shame! Poor Gilbert! It seems as if there was never to be an end to his punishment for having trusted a woman."

"Oh, I think he's less to be pitied now than before she left him! He's not obliged now to stop at the Abbey for fear she will disgrace him in his absence. He must have expected such an event. We know for certain that he has had to keep her a prisoner since that abominable affair at Brighton."

"Ducky doesn't know anything about that."

"It isn't the sort of thing ducky would care to hear. It's one of those scandals that we are supposed not to understand, you know, dear; but Trix has a cutting from a Brighton paper, given by Laura Drake, who was there at the time, and that puts it plain enough for a child to comprehend. Mr. Drake knows the proprietor of the paper, and he was told that Gilbert bought up the whole edition of the paper and paid a heavy sum that no further reference should be made to his wife's shame."

"Surely, with no evidence against Sir Gilbert, Mrs. Gower dare not openly accuse him of having killed his wife?" I ventured to say. "It is an absurd, preposterous charge!"

"Catch ma doing anything of that kind openly! Don't you know her way, ducky—how she will pretend to give no opinion, and yet cunningly lead people to suppose the very worst?"

They talked for some time, but I did not catch all they said, my mind being charged with more food than it could at once digest.

"And he?" I asked, after a while. "What has become of him?"

"He is at the Abbey. Pa has not seen him, and he wrote only a formal note of acknowledging the receipt of pa's note and our messages.

"I am not surprised; he must hate the whole lot of us. I suppose he will wait until the result of the investigation is known, and then I should think he would go abroad to live.

"I would. I should detest every person and thing that could remind me of such a woman. We shall never see him again."

"Oh, poor Gilbert!"

My heart echoed that cry.

"And now do let us talk of something else," said Beatrice.

November 20.

No news.

I think granny must have scolded the girls for telling me so much.

She knows that my heart is unhealed, but how should they understand my feelings—they, who fall in love twenty times in the year, and seem never better pleased than when they have a new flirtation to talk about?

I dare say they know what happened in September, and look upon it simply as a rather improper legerity on the part of their step-brother-in-law which I have long since forgotten.

In answering my letter of the 18th, Beatrice alludes as briefly as possible to the questions I asked.

"I'm sorry, dear," she writes, "that I cannot answer all your questions. There is nothing to tell. Ma is at home, posing as a very ugly and stony kind of Niobe. Pa says she has prudently called off the dogs of law, seeing that they were as likely to serve her as Acteon's hounds served him. You will be glad to see that I do not neglect my *Mangnall's Questions, et-cetera.*

Granny watches me closely, and is kinder, if possible, than ever, doing all that is in her power to divert my thoughts from sombre reflections and turn them into bright channels.

She knows that my love is not extinguished, and that the old look about my face and my sober mien are not the mere result of teaching French.

Poor granny!

Solicitude for my welfare makes it difficult for her to be silent upon the subject which she perceives occupies my mind, while instinctive good taste withholds her from speaking.

It is easy to see which way her thoughts tend.

She spoke in compassionate terms last night of those persons whose follies or vices make them the detestation of the world, and hinted significantly at our duty towards them.

"Is there any one in the world, my love," she said, "so miserable as they—without hope, without the pleasant recollection of a single good action, without one loving friend without the slightest consolation in their wretchedness?

"Would the most unhappy of those who suffer from the faults of others change places for a moment with them who suffer only by their own wickedness? How are we to judge them?

"How are we to say what share of blame is theirs?

"Not by our own standard, for maybe we have had neither their feebleness nor their temptations to withstand.

"We must make allowance for them as we should for children who do wrong, or persons of unsound mind.

"I cannot help believing that the tendency to evil is something beyond our own control, and that the love of evil-doing is a kind of mania; and those afflicted are surely to be pitied and helped. Don't you think so love?

"And we must admire those persons who having the misfortune to be connected with such people, renounce selfish desires and inclinations to rescue them from the misery of their own creating, and prevent them, if possible from falling lower, just as we must blame and hold in contempt others who abandon them to their fate in order to pursue their own personal pleasures."

Granny misjudges him, thinking him perhaps all to blame for my unhappiness; and she forms an unjust estimate of his character if she thinks he will neglect a duty that is apparent to her.

I have so much confidence in him that I write this without fear that his act will make me blot it out in shame.

He will not seek me, now that he might better justify himself in making me an offer.

It is granny only who starts with anxiety when a step is heard upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

MARCH 25—Kennington.

At length the long dreary winter is ended.

The window-boxes are bright with spring bulbs, snowdrops, and crocusses, the hyacinths are just showing color, and the little parlor is fragrant with cut wallflower.

The sun has shone with great brilliancy, making the air quite warm in the middle of the day.

The atmosphere is so clear and bright that my thoughts have dwelt involuntarily upon the sea as I walked to school and back, and whenever my pupils suffered my attention to stop away from them.

Granny seems a little unwell to-day; she complains that the east wind is not good for old bones, and is restless and nervous.

March 27.

Granny's anxiety continues.

To-night, when I asked for the *Times*, which is usually brought after tea and left with us until the morning, she said, with some embarrassment, that it had not been delivered.

The moment after, unable to deceive me, or even to let me deceive myself, she added—

"My love, I will tell you why I have told the man not to bring the paper. It is because there is something in it which I do not wish you to read."

She said no more; but it was enough to make me understand that there is bad news concerning *him*.

Lady Linton has been discovered perhaps and there is a repetition of the public scandal at which the girls hinted at in the autumn.

Granny must be right, and my curiosity to know what has happened is undoubtedly wrong.

Nevertheless I cannot help hoping for a letter from the girls, or, better still, a visit.

March 29.

. . . . Letter from Maud, but no allusion to any uncommon occurrence.

I found the *Times* upon the table this evening, and, as I might have assured myself, not a line in it concerning any one of my acquaintance.

After all, it may have been only an unpleasant case which granny, with characteristic nicety, considered improper reading for a young womann.

April 3.

. . . . Letter from Beatrice, most affectionate and sweet, but the most serious and least careless I have ever had from her.

I believe it was composed and then copied—a thing quite unprecedented in the history of her correspondence with me. I feel sure that something has happened, or is now taking place, which I am not to know, which in some way affects me.

Not only does Trix write in guarded terms, and granny find it impossible to fix her attention patiently on any one thing, but even Miss Fletcher regards me with a kind of considerate interest.

She and granny do chat a great deal on half-holidays, and it is just that my affairs are not a secret from the best and most trustworthy of Mrs. Simpson's old friends.

She may have thought it necessary to tell her all last autumn, when it was proposed that I should teach at Miss Fletcher's school.

That just serves to increase my belief that some fact concerning *him* is being kept from my knowledge.

April 10.

This afternoon, as granny and I were sitting at tea, a cab drew up sharply before the door, and, before it had quite stopped, Mr. Gower, with a newspaper in his hand, jumped out and came hurrying to us.

"It's all right," he began, as he crossed the shop, seeing our astonishment, or at least my astonishment—"it's all right—he's acquitted!"

"Acquitted!" I exclaimed. "Of what?"

"Why, of murder, my dear! And thank Heaven for it!" he replied, pushing back his hat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"There's the evening paper, granny; you will find a line about it. Just come from Reading.

"Thought you'd be anxious to know how it had ended, so took a cab and came on straight.

"Give me a cup o' tea, there's a good soul! I'm pretty well exhausted with the excitement of the day and that confounded Underground Railway!"

"There is no occasion to use unpleasant words, Joseph," said granny gently, as she opened the tea-caddy to prepare some fresh tea for Mr. Gower.

"Beg pardon, granny. One may be pardoned for giving vent to one's feelings after bottling 'em so long!"

Granny shook her head gravely, and glanced at me anxiously, as if she thought it would have been better for me had he kept his feelings bottled up still longer, and left me in ignorance.

I had sunk into a chair, and sat trembling with anxiety and I know not what emotions, wishing to know more, yet unable to ask a question.

Mr. Gower, following the direction of granny's glance, caught sight of me, and, seeing my condition, started from his seat, came to my side, and with great concern exclaimed, as he took my hand—

"Why my dear, what's the matter? Hang it all, I might have known! And yet the girls told me that you knew all!"

"The girls are just as thoughtless as you," said granny. "Gertrude knows nothing of the dreadful business. Now she must know all; and you had better tell her while I make the tea."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Gower when granny had left the room, "with all due respect to Mrs. Simpson, I see no harm in your hearing all about it.

"While there was a doubt as to the result of this trial, it was right of course to keep you in the dark.

"But good news can harm no one, I think; and, to tell the truth, it was as much for your sake as for granny's or my own that I brought the news; for, though I concluded from my own observation and the girls' that you had ceased to have any—any feeling, you know, for Sir Gilbert, I felt sure you would be glad to hear of his escape from a very serious dilemma. The girl's wouldn't have kept the secret long if I had.

"They couldn't.

"You must have found it out, or suspected something."

"I have suspected something. There was something in the *Times* which granny did not wish me to see. I knew it referred to him."

"Ah that was an account of the inquest! I'll begin at the beginning.

"You know that last November Lady Linton left the Abbey; that, after her departure, several honest people were prepared to swear that they had seen her with a man on the Oxford side of the river, or that they had not seen her, as their interest guided them?

"At the Monden weir the boat was found bottom up.

"It was concluded that, if Lady Linton were discovered, her body would be found to have taken the same course as the boat, and accordingly all about the weir a great deal of search was made to no purpose.

"It must be admitted that the men who made this search did so with the foregone conclusion that they should find nothing, it being a matter of common notoriety amongst this lower class of people, who drew their information from the servants at the Abbey, that Lady Linton had eloped with her husband's valet—John Barton.

"Consequently their search was far less thorough and discriminating than if it had been made by unbiased and intelligent persons—the police, for example.

"My precious wife, as I have no doubt the girls told you, tried to establish the belief that her daughter had been murdered, and to a certain extent she succeeded.

"A great many friends supported her theory; and during the winter Mrs. Gower has been more popular than ever with that class of people she affects.

"Meanwhile Gilbert stayed at the Hall, perhaps to discountenance the rumors against him, perhaps to receive his wife if she repented and came back for forgiveness.

"He's quixotic enough for anything when he's put on his metal.

"At any rate, he stayed there, which was certainly not the sort of thing a murderer would do.

"At the beginning of last month he gave orders that the boat-house, which had been flooded during the winter, should be put in repair.

"The workmen went there, threw open the gates and windows, and the master-man began to look about to see what was necessary.

"The first thing he noticed was a quantity of fur clinging to the scum and slime which had accumulated on the surface of the water and formed a kind of dam against the water-gates.

"His first idea was that a fox or some such creature had got under the gates at low water and been drowned there.

"But another workman noticed that there was not only fur but long hair in the slime.

"I see, my dear, that these details are unpleasant to you.

"They are revolting, and that's a fact, and as they are not necessary, I'll say as little about 'em as possible.

"The long and short of it is that the place was dredged, and there they hauled up the remains of Lady Linton.

"Gilbert identified the fur-lined cloak—of which a portion still remained intact—the watch, bracelets, *et-cetera*, which were found amongst that awful mass of decomposition.

"Mrs. Gower was prepared to swear to each of the poor wretch's bones of course. My dear, it's all right; I've come to an end of the horrible details.

"Beyond identifying the remains and giving the briefest possible account of his wife's disappearance, Gilbert gave no evidence at the inquest.

"The doctor who had attended Lady Linton declared that she had exhibited strong symptoms of insanity; and it was clear that Gilbert hoped that her death would be attributed to that cause.

"You can understand how repugnant to a man of his feelings it would be to expose his wife's vices and make them the subject of public conversation.

"In all probability a verdict in accordance with the doctor's views of the case would have been returned had it not been for my precious wife's interference.

"She protested that for a long time previous to her death Lady Linton had gone in fear of her life, and produced a heap of letters from her daughter in which Gilbert was accused of violence, cruelty, and an intention to murder her; and upon that evidence the jury gave a verdict of wilful murder against Sir Gilbert, and he was duly committed to take his trial.

"It was no longer his wife's honor, but his own that Gilbert had to consider, and he put his counsel in possession of those facts which he had suppressed at the inquest.

"The trial took place to-day. The theory of the prosecution was this:

"Discovering her escape from the Abbey, he went at once to the boat-house, knowing that the readiest means of escape was by crossing the river, and there he found Lady Linton in the act of loosening the boat. A violent scene ensued, in which Sir Gilbert, tempted by the opportunity of ridding himself of a wife who had made his life burdensome, or exasperated by her refusal to return with him to the Abbey, thrust her into the water and suffered her to drown, casting the boat adrift afterwards to avert suspicion.

"The counsel for the defence began by calling witnesses to prove the late Lady Linton's immorality, and the necessity of keeping her a prisoner in order to prevent the recurrence of such affairs as those at Brighton and Scarborough.

"Then witnesses were brought to prove that a secret *liaison* had for some weeks existed between Lady Linton and John Barton—Sir Gilbert's valet.

"Other witnesses proved that this Barton was an unscrupulous, reckless rascal, who, while corresponding with his master's wife, was courting that lady's maid, Sophia Kirby.

"It was proved that Sophia Kirby knew perfectly well what was going on between her lover and her mistress, and herself carried the letters that passed from one to the other.

"She was, in fact, John Barton's accomplice, plying a double game for a high stake.

"A letter was produced which one of the witnesses, engaged as nurse and watch to the lady, had got possession of on the very day of Lady Linton's death.

"It was from John Barton, fixing the time and place of their meeting.

"It said—

"'Sir G. has ordered his mare for seven o'clock this evening. Be ready to start if he goes. I shall be in the boat-house and all ready at eight,' or something to that effect.

"It was next proved that, on Sir Gilbert's return from Strsely, whither he had ridden that night, he was informed that Lady Linton had evaded her keepers and was not to be found, and that Sophia Kirby and John Barton were also missing.

"Evidence also showed that Sir Gilbert's desk had been forced, and his wife's jewels which he kept there had been taken.

"The last witnesses swore that on the the night of the murder Sophia Kirby, and John Barton, both heavily charged with bags, *et-cetera*, had stopped at an inn on the London Road, and gone on the following morning in a hired cart to the railway-station to catch the first up-train.

"The theory based upon this complete chain of evidence was simple enough.

"Sophia Kirby and John Barton had planned the murder of their mistress—to which the servant's jealousy would naturally incline her.

"They had got the half-witted creature, closely wrapped in a tight-fitting fur-lined cloak, into the boat-house, and there drowned her and made off with her jewels—a theory borne out by the evidence and by the fact that, of all the jewels, amounting to some four or five thousand pounds' worth, taken from Sir Gilbert's desk, none were found in the boat-house but the bracelets and watch which Lady Linton habitually wore.

"The prosecution made but a poor fight after this, as you may suppose.

"The judge, in summing up, censured Sir Gilbert severely for suppressing facts which in the interests of justice, he ought to have made known; but it was clear that the jury were more favorably disposed towards Sir Gilbert for subjecting himself to the serious consequences of a criminal trial, in preference to revealing a condition of things which threw disgrace not only upon

his dead wife, but upon her mother, who was partly responsible for her misleads.

"After a very short absence from the court they returned with a verdict of 'Not guilty'; and, thank Heaven, there's an end of it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Jewel.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

GOING abroad, Fred? Why, what does that mean?

"When I last saw you such an idea was furthest from your thoughts, and here you give me twenty-four hours' notice of your departure on an indefinite tour."

And the speaker, a tall, splendid-looking man, opened his dark eyes in unfeigned wonder as they rested on the face of his friend.

"I've hardly given myself more than twenty-four hours' notice, Max.

"Of course it's a sudden notion; but to you, the oldest and best friend I have in the world, I may as well own the truth, though you need imagine it no secret.

"A very large portion of my friends thoroughly understand my motives.

"I'm hard hit, Max, and I've got to go away.

"I want to feel an ocean rolls between me and the woman who has jilted me."

"Jilted you?"

"Yes, jilted me. It's not a pretty word, but I'm not in a frame of mind to look through the dictionary for another that means the same thing.

"I loved Nora Fielding with a love you cannot comprehend—you who have lived for more than thirty years unmoved by any woman's beauty—unthrilled by any woman's voice.

"I had some reason, Heaven knows, for thinking my love returned.

"She smiled on me, as only soulless women can smile.

"She seemed glad when I came, sorry when I left her.

"Yet, when moved to madness, I put my love into words, she smiled still, and told me that my love was folly.

"Of course I should in that moment have scorned, despised her.

"So I did, perhaps; but it made my love none the less, my suffering no whit the easier.

"I can't describe her to you, Max. I think she might entrap even you in her meshes."

"A coquette entrap me? No, no, my boy.

"Forewarned, forearmed. Suppose we have a little trial of skill—I and this slayer of men's hearts?

"You've left her at the beach, have you not?

"I was just contemplating a little trip seaward.

"What do you say, old fellow? Suppose you put your revenge in my hands?"

"You may make the attempt, Max, right willingly; but don't let the flame scorch you, in wresting it for my sake.

"Make her suffer, but see to it that she entails no pain on you."

"You forget, my boy, that you have bequeathed to me your scorn, but carry your love with you.

"Bury it at sea, Fred, and start fresh on the other side.

"I'll take care of my lady coquette on this side."

The next afternoon, standing on the pier Max Elliot watched disappear down the bay the brave ship on which Fred Ronalds was a passenger—a half-made exile for a woman's sake.

An honest bitterness welled up in Max Elliot's heart as he turned away.

Better than he had ever loved a woman he had loved this man, who had been the plaything of a woman's idle hour, who had had his honest love tossed back to him as though it were the foam upon a wave, and who had been driven to other lands to find the cure of absence and perchance forgetfulness.

When his brougham stopped in front of his club, he glanced at his watch.

It was a very sultry afternoon in July.

The city was growing unendurable, and there would be barely time to hastily pack a valise and catch the six o'clock boat which would transport him to cool breezes, and promise of a sea-bath, and—his revenge.

Such a thought was worthy to be acted upon.

Therefore, the next morning Max Elliot's name appeared upon the hotel register, and later the gentleman himself upon the hotel piazza, to be greeted by an approving chorus of welcome from the dear hundred friends already gathered there.

As by natural instinct, he found his way to Mrs. Redfern's side.

Great friends as he and George Redfern were, he and George Redfern's wife were better.

"What has brought you here?" she asked with a little quizzical smile.

"Is not your presence a sufficient magnet for a less attractive place?" he answered gallantly.

She shook her head.

"Of course, but I've been moping here for a fortnight and have sent you numberless messages by George, all of which you have repudiated.

"You don't deserve that I should offer you any kindness in return, and I've a great mind not to present you to Nora Fielding to-day.

"Ah, you see how easily I have guessed your secret.

"I saw Fred Ronalds' name this morning in the list of passengers on the Scythia.

"Of course he told you how badly he was cut up.

"It was a great shame, and I told Nora so frankly, but the girl is so pretty and so clever that I suppose she really is not wholly to blame because men chose to detach their scalps, hang them at her belt, and then go about the world mooning over their loss."

"Trust a woman to defend a woman, when jealousy is not possible to either," answered Max.

"For my part, I regard Miss Fielding as utterly heartless, and a flirt."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," replied the pretty little matron.

"Yes, that is she," noting how the man's eyes suddenly dilated as a tall, slender figure, draped in close-clinging white, swept out of the open door on the piazza.

"There's no woman like her here. Of course she is conscious of her power, and uses it.

"But look in her eyes, Max, and tell me, if you dare, that Nora Fielding has no heart.

"No man has ever touched it, that is all."

"The idea of a woman's eyes betokening soul!" was the cynical rejoinder.

But there was no time for more, for he and Mrs. Redfern had approached close to where the girl stood, and ere either of them was aware of her intention, they had been formally presented.

He would carry on no slow warfare, determined Max.

And in that moment he began the campaign.

"Beware, Nora," whispered Mrs. Redfern, that evening, in the little shell-tinted car.

"He is Fred Ronald's dearest friend, and be sure he knows all regarding that little episode there is to know."

But the only answer the girl vouchsafed this friendly piece of advice was a shrug of the white shoulders, gleaming through the black lace of her dress.

A fortnight passed, and the hotel gossips again found food in Miss Fielding's latest conquest.

For, by this time, so Max Elliot was deemed.

He understood now the infatuation which had possessed his friend, not by experience—for he told himself that each day he learned to scorn this woman more—but listening to the low, musical inflections of her voice, and looking into her eyes, which sometimes softened to a marvellous softness, he acknowledged her acting perfect.

Only to him who knew it to be acting was there involved no danger.

But was he, entrenched in his own fortress, making the girl feel?

Was he gaining the power to make her suffer?

Once his, he would employ it ruthlessly, but first he must know that he possessed it.

Sometimes he turned in a moment from warmth to coldness.

She made no comment on his change of mood.

Sometimes he feigned indifference to her presence—indifferent still, when the other moths, kept in abeyance by his superior stronghold, fluttered round the large candle.

But save by a little, tired look, he saw from his covert and distant observation in her eyes, she welcomed his return to her, all unquestioning his absence.

He found himself growing irritated, almost angry.

"Will you drive with me this afternoon?" she asked him one morning.

"Yes," he answered.

And at five o'clock the perfect little trap stood waiting its mistress' occupancy—the horses pawing impatiently, while the groom held their heads, and he lounging near, waiting Miss Fielding's advent.

Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and she did not come.

The half-hour indeed had struck before, with a hasty apology for her delay, she took her seat, and gathering up the reins in her little gloved hand, gave the ponies an impatient touch of the whip, which made the groom scramble for his place behind almost a Waterloo.

Max, quietly observing her, noted that her face was unusually pale, and though there was no redness about her eyes, he could have fancied there had been recent tears there.

However, she talked merrily and brightly, as was her wont, and soon the sea air brought back the color to her cheek, and chased the latent look of sadness from her eyes.

"What a lovely sky!" she exclaimed, as a sudden turn in the road brought them in full view of sky and ocean, and at that moment the sunset gun boomed from the fort.

The horses made a sharp swerve.

The road was very narrow, with large boulders on either side.

Almost before any one could realize how or when it was done, the wheel of the phaeton had struck one of these, and the girl, totally unprepared to resist the shock, was thrown heavily to the ground.

Almost as rapidly, Max was beside her.

For the instant he thought her dead.

Her head had struck a small stone, and a tiny stream of blood was trinkling from her temple, making her pallor more ghastly.

The thought that she might be dead came to him with a sickening awfulness.

Death and this bright, beautiful being seemed so wide asunder, and yet in a moment, perhaps, they had been united.

But almost with the dreadful fear came this relief.

She opened her lovely eyes, and the white lips quivered, while she made a feeble motion to rise.

He drew a brandy-flask from his pocket, and made her drink.

Then, when she had grown a little stronger, he lifted her into the carriage, and supporting her with one arm, drove slowly home.

As they approached the hotel, she called strength and will into action, and gaining the first entrance, escaped with but little assistance into the house.

By mutual consent they made no mention of the accident.

For a day or two she was confined to her room.

But when she reappeared, save that she was a trifle paler, she had never looked more lovely.

"I thank you so much, Mr. Elliot, for your kind care of me," she said, as they stood together on the moonlit piazza.

"Do not mention it," he answered quite coldly.

These past three days had been filled to him with a strange experience.

His revenge had grown distasteful to him he told himself.

It could not mend Fred's broken heart, and his own could only harbor scorn.

The next week he saw but little of Miss Fielding.

He avoided her wherever he could do so, although he noted that she was growing wan and pale.

"What are you doing, Max Elliot?" asked Mrs. Redfern, one morning as she came upon him seated by an open window of the long drawing-room.

"I told you once that Nora Fielding's fault lay not in her non-possession of a heart, but that no man had ever touched it.

"I could not say that to-day. Have you no scruples, no remorse?"

"None. If what you tell me be true, I should only exult.

"What could I feel but scorn for a woman who could lead a man on to wrecking his life at her feet?

"But you need have no fear. Miss Fielding is a capital actress, that is all."

"Mark what I say—you will recall those words," prophesied the little matron, sweeping angrily away.

"Never!" mentally ejaculated the man, vaulting through the low window to the piazza with a sudden feeling that the house stifled him, but not prepared to find himself face to face with Miss Fielding's self.

She had been sitting with an open book disregarded in her lap, her eyes gazing seaward, and she had heard of necessity every syllable which had been uttered.

"Yes, I have heard all," she said, in reply to his questioning look.

"You came here to revenge your friend Mr. Elliot.

"Well, your revenge shall be complete. You say he suffered.

"So you have made me suffer. Why should I seek to conceal what is acutest anguish to confess?

"Was it my fault that I could not love Fred Ronalds?

"Was it my fault that his own love made him blind?

"If so, I have been punished, and my punishment is your reward.

"To it I add the humiliation of this avowal."

Never had she looked more lovely, never more proud, than when she stepped from the throne to the level of a suffering womanhood.

His scorn, his triumph—where were they?

Before she had divined his purpose, he had gathered her two hands in his strong grasp.

"Nora! my darling, forgive me!" he murmured.

"I love you, and my love has made me blind indeed.

"Oh, my darling, I came to mock, and I have stayed to worship. I give up my revenge to you.

"Will you, more generous than I have been, refuse to take it?"

"Not that," she answered, and now the bright eyes were filled with dimming tears.

"But in taking it, it is to give you in return my love, my heart, my life.

"Ah, Max," she whispered softly, a little later, "is it always the woman's fault that men say she has no soul?

"Shall we expose our one priceless jewel to the gaze of every curious by-passer on life's journey?"

And he, with the jewel forever his, safe locked in his stronghold, is fain to admit her words are true, even while he thanks Heaven its radiance has never dazzled another's eyes—not even those of his dearest friend.

He was growling when he went in and he jawed all the time he was eating, and when he slouched up to the desk to pay 75 cents he broke out with: "Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog!" "What sandwiches?" "Why, them on the table." "But we have no sandwiches on the table, sir," protested the landlord. "You haven't? Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brickbats on that blue platter?" "You didn't try to eat one of those?" "Yes, I did!" "Then my friend, you had better go for a doctor at once? Those are table ornaments, made of terra-cotta, and were placed there to help fill up space! Land o' cats! but you must have lived in a cane-brake all your life!"

Bric-a-Brac.

DILETTANTE.—This Italian word means an amateur of the fine arts in opposition to a professor. Plural, dilettanti.

TO FIRE OUT.—The phrase to fire out as meaning to expel may be slang now, the *Graphic* points out, but Shakspeare concludes his 144th sonnet with the following two lines:

"Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

BRAG.—The head of a New York mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his "firm." "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the quills of our correspondence cost two thousand dollars a year." "Pooh!" said the clerk of another, who was sitting by, "what is that in correspondence, when I save four thousand dollars in ink from merely omitting to dot the i's!"

A FUNNY HIGHWAYMAN.—Denver has a highwayman who gets a good deal of fun out of his profession. Not content with "holding up" peaceable citizens and taking their money, he makes them perform various antics before letting them go. A pious man on his way to church on a recent Sunday evening he robbed of his contribution and then made him dance a jig and sing a tune. Catching a notoriously wicked wretch some days afterward he made him go down on his knees and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

A BIG ROCK.—Probably the largest mass of rock that has ever been transported, not excepting even the blocks in the Egyptian Pyramids, was that from which was cut the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg. It is a block of granite weighing three million pounds, or about one thousand five hundred tons, and was found isolated on marshy ground about four miles from the Neva. It's shape was that of an irregular prism, about twenty-four feet high, forty-seven feet long, and thirty feet broad in its largest dimensions.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.—To be of use for fishing, cormorants in China are taken when young from the breeding-rocks and regularly trained to bring all the finny prey they capture to their owner's boat. When young, a thin collar is put round their throats to prevent them from swallowing their prizes; but in time the birds understand their duty, and, except for occasional small fry, which they probably think are hardly worth going back to the boat with, carry all they catch to the common store. As fishermen, they are among the most expert of birds.

CHILD MARRIAGES.—Child marriages were common in the middle ages among the royalty and nobility. In 1477, for instance, Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV. was married to Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk in her own right. The bridegroom was not five years old, and the bride scarcely three. They were very pretty children, and the ceremony is described as most affecting and beautiful. About a year later the child-bride died, and at the age of nine the boy bridegroom was smothered in the Tower by the uncle for whom he had been named.

OLD AGE.—The years of the lives of the patriarchs were probably as long as our own. Josephus says that men being much beloved by God and newly made by him, with strong constitution and excellent temper of body, using better diet, the vigor of the earth at first producing better fruits, joined with their constant temperance and labor, a sweet temper of air, their knowledge of herbs and plants, might well attain unto as long a life as the Scriptures mention. The tradition of Chaldean, Phenician, Egyptian, Greek and Brahmin history agrees that men anciently lived a thousand years. Many attribute the shortness of life since the flood to a change in the quantity of oxygen in the air, and its corruption by the continual decay of animal and vegetable matter ever since.

ABOUT FIGURES.—The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 4,444,444,445. Reversing the order of digits, and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, we get a result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789 as the multiplicand, and, interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again we get 53,333,333,334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Trying the same multiplicand and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667—all sixes except the first and last figures, which read together give 27.

AN EDITOR'S CHANCES.—If anybody wants to edit a native paper, he may find encouragement in the following brief history of some of the men who have figured in that position:—Dr. James Hagan took hold in 1837, had a number of street fights, a duel with his brother-editor of the *Whig*, and was killed in 1842, in a street fight, by D. W. Adams. His assistant, Isaac C. Partridge, died of yellow fever in 1839. Dr. J. S. Fall, another assistant, had a number of fights, in one of which he was badly wounded. James Ryan, next editor, was killed by R. E. Hammitt, of the *Whig*. Next came Walter Hickey, who had several rows, and was repeatedly wounded; he killed Dr. Mucllu, and was soon after killed himself in Texas. John Lavins, another editor, was imprisoned for the violence of his articles. Mr. Jenkins, his successor, was killed in the street by H. A. Crabbe; Crabbe was murdered in Sonora. F. C. Jones succeeded Jenkins, but soon afterwards drowned himself.

"THE BURDEN OF OTHERS."

BY SUSANNA J.

The long and dangerous voyage past,
O'er calmer seas my barque shall glide;
Though winds are rough and skies o'ercast,
With joyful eyes I see at last
The haven where I would abide.

Across the silver tide I gaze:
My heart beats high with hope fulfilled;
Anon my wand'ring fancy stays
To storms outlived in by-gone days,
To perils passed and tempests stilled.

The Hand that doth the winds control
Thus far hath safely guided me
Past cruel gulf and hidden shoal;
Through seas unknown my shrinking soul
Has reached the land where she would be.

Now full in sight the portal gleams
Within whose shade loved faces smile;
I clasp a long-lost hand, it seems,
And hear the voice which, save in dreams,
I have not heard a weary while.

But still some trav'lers dear to me
Are daily tost by wind and tide;
And, doubtful what their fate may be,
They struggle on the open sea,
While I at peace in harbor ride.

And o'er me falls this shadow chill—
"For them what storms are yet to come?"
But, O my heart, be hopeful still,
For He who did thy pray'rs fulfil
Will also guide thy dear ones home!

HIS LOVE ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE came from the open window where she had been standing, and placed a low, chintz-covered chair for the visitor, who sat down and surveyed her smilingly.

The young governess had removed her dress, and wore a wrapper of blue-and-white figured print, with frills about it, and her hair was loosened and tumbling about her in rippling waves.

Miss Allan thought that it was well for Sir Mark that he could not see her now; he was already far too much interested in Miss Walpole.

"What a quantity of hair you have got!" she said, pleasantly. "A very unusual quantity in these days, I think.

"How do you manage to squeeze it all into that clump on the nape of your neck? It is a very comfortable as well as fashionable coiffure, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Olive, simply, with a glance at Lucia's elaborate braids and curls; "and very convenient for people who do up their own hair."

"Yes, it must be," said Miss Allan, rather absently. "It must have been a great change to you, Olive," she went on gently. "But you were fortunate in meeting with such a nice situation."

"Lady Churston is very kind," said Olive quietly, her color mounting a little. "I have every reason to be contented."

"Yes, I think you have," answered Lucia frankly. "Some places must be so very disagreeable. But my aunt, although just a little proud, is kindness itself."

"She is very kind," assented Miss Walpole, nervously handling some ornaments on her dressing-table.

"And the children are dear little girls," went on Lucia; "while, as for Captain Treherne, he is charming; on that subject there cannot be two opinions."

"He is very nice."

"And now tell me what you think of Sir Mark," said Lucia, with pretty embarrassment, playing with the lace and monogram on her handkerchief, and looking up at Olive.

Olive looked surprised, and blushed a little.

"I think he is the best, and kindest, and noblest man I ever met," she said, with warmth.

Lucia's gay little laugh rang forth, as she looked at Olive.

"You little enthusiast," she said lightly. "I had no idea he had made such an impression."

"He has been so very good to me," answered Olive.

"He is good to every one," said Miss Allan, coldly. "So you think I am a lucky girl, Olive."

Olive started and looked full at her companion's face.

Lucia was smiling and blushing, and looking very pretty.

But, as Olive's eyes sought hers, she looked down at her hands and began to toy with a great flashing diamond on her finger.

"Won't you congratulate me, my dear?" she said coolly. "Or do you think there is no occasion?"

"I beg your pardon—I did not know," said Olive, gently. "Indeed I think there is occasion; I hope you will be happy."

"It is a very old affair, you know"—and Miss Allan left her chair and crossed to the open window.

"Sir Mark is very quiet and reserved, and he does not like it spoken of; so you need not mention it.

"How sweet the honeysuckle is! It is not mentioned out of the family," she added; "but I know you are discretion itself."

"I shall say nothing," answered Olive quietly, pushing back her hair with a troubled gesture.

"And now I must say good-night," said Miss Allan, hurriedly jumping up. "Do you often sit at the window at night? The air is very chill."

"Yes, I often sit here—star-gazing," replied Olive, with a dreary attempt at laughter.

"You romantic girl; good-night!"

And Miss Allan swept gracefully out of the room, leaving behind her a heavy odor of patchouli, which mingled with the fragrance of the honeysuckle.

When the door closed after her, Olive left her chair, crossed over to the window, and, kneeling down beside it, bowed her head upon her hands, and began to cry—sad, swiftly-flowing tears, for which she herself at that moment would have been puzzled to account, but which, struggle against her weakness as she would, she could not check.

What was there in the soft, starlit, flower-scented night which made the tears come so thick and fast? she wondered as she knelt there.

What was there in what Lucia Allan had told her to make her sad?

Was she jealous, that Lucia, so blessed with beauty and wealth, and relatives and friends, should have won a love to crown her life and fill it to the brim with joy and happiness?

Ah, no! no! She was not so mean—so base.

Or was it—and the hot blood rushed to her face at the thought—that she had let herself take too deep an interest in Sir Mark Churston?

Of what use in any case were those tears?

Even if he had not been engaged to Lucia, even if he had not loved her, he would not have fallen in love with his sister's governess.

And, with a passionate gesture of self-contempt, Olive sprang up from her kneeling posture and began hurriedly to brush and comb her hair.

As she stood before the glass, a firm, quick footstep sounded on the gravel path beneath the windows, and a gay tenor voice—Wilfred's—sang:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here by the gate alone."

A bitter little smile curled Olive's lip as she listened.

If the one love for which she longed was not for her, why should she not win a love which might be hers if she willed?

She could not, perhaps, be blamed, if for a moment she resolved in her heart to win Wilfred Treherne's love.

She was so young and so desolate, and she felt such a strong yearning for love and happiness, natural at her age.

But the resolve faded as quickly as it had been made.

No, if the real gold could not be hers, she would not take the counterfeit metal; she would offer no sacrifice on her altar.

She had been mad—utterly mad—to give her heart to a man who had spoken some half dozen kind sentences to her since she had lived under his roof, whose dark eyes had watched her sometimes with a grave, tender persistence which had made her heart beat fast, but whose interest in her had been but the interest of the master of the house in one of his dependents, while she had given him in return her whole heart.

Yet, how could she live the long life which in all likelihood lay before her, always alone and desolate, never cared for or loved, never first in any one's heart, never welcomed or longed for, dependent for sympathy and love only on her pupils?

Nay, even if she found friend and pupils to love her, could she be happy?

The love for which Olive yearned was never to be hers.

She had lifted up her eyes to Sir Mark Churston's grave, dark face, and loved him with the "one love given once in a lifetime only;" and, if for a few brief moments she had dared to hope her love might be returned, the words Lucia had spoken had undeceived her.

Poor Olive!

She had given so much to receive so little in return.

And yet Sir Mark was not in the least to blame.

He had done nothing—nothing but look at her kindly when his glance should have been indifferent, and talked to her when he had better have been silent.

It had been cruel kindness, thought Olive.

At least it had been rendered cruel by her own mad folly.

The girl went to her desk, which stood on a little table, and opened its secret drawer.

There was only a little faded flower in it; but, as she took it out tenderly with her little trembling fingers, the tears gathered again thickly in her eyes, and the little red lips to which she lifted the faded leaves quivered with pain.

Then she turned to the window, and, with one quick, sudden movement, she threw the flower from her as far as she could, out into the stillness and darkness of the summer night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE schoolroom at Churston Hall was a cheerful-looking room on the ground-floor, with glass doors, which opened on the croquet-lawn—now converted into a lawn-tennis ground—and which gave the inmates of the schoolroom a very pleasant prospect.

But, pleasant as it was, it was not conducive to study, especially when a game of lawn-tennis was going on on the lawn just in front of the windows, the players being plainly visible and their voices distinctly audible to the longing, impatient little students within.

This was the case one morning about three days after Lucia Allan's evening visit to Miss Walpole's room, and Olive was having no small trouble to keep her pupils' attention fixed on their tasks.

On the lawn without, Lucia and Captain Treherne, with Clara Raymond, the Rector's pretty daughter, and young Doctor Wrighton—who had come over to the Hall to prescribe for one of the household—were busily engaged with ball and racket, and Flossie and Violet found it almost impossible to keep their attention fixed on "Le Petit Precepteur," with such an excitement just outside their windows.

Olive could not but sympathize with them.

Without, the bright sunshine, the flowers the leaves, the two pretty girls in their white flannel tennis costumes with blue trimmings, and the young men's rapid movements and cheery laughter.

Within, a quiet room with schoolbooks, a reclining board, a piano, with Czerny's exercises open, two little absent-minded pupils, and a pretty chestnut-haired young governess, whose wistful brown eyes were as often turned to the group on the lawn as the children's own.

"Seven—three," said Lucia gaily. "It is your serve, Doctor."

"Seven—three. Serve!" called out the Doctor.

Wilfred's pretty partner failed to meet his ball, and Lucia and her partner scored another and changed courts.

"Eight—three!" said Doctor Wrighton again.

But this time Wilfred was his opponent, and a pretty bit of play ensued, over which Flossie got quite excited.

And, entirely forgetting her French lesson, she clapped her hands triumphantly.

"Flossie!" said Miss Walpole very gravely.

Flossie's eyes went down upon her book with a little impatient grimace.

She began to repeat to herself in a loud whisper the lesson before her.

"Avez-vous tout dit? Have you told everything?

"Avez-vous tout dit?" muttered little Flossie.

"Toute la famille y etait. All the family was there.

"Horrid French! How I hate it! Avez-vous tout dit? Avez-vous tout dit?"

"Six—eight!" called out Wilfred at this juncture a little triumphantly.

"It is your serve, Miss Raymond. Give the Doctor a nasty one."

"Toute la famille y etait," repeated Flossie, with her eyes on the lawn-tennis ground.

"Toute la——Oh, she has taken it! That's another to Wilfred.

"Seven—eight. I hope Wilfred will win! Toute la famille—— Oh, Clara has missed it! What a bother!"

"Flossie, if you are so inattentive I shall have to make you sit here," said Miss Walpole reprovingly, indicating a seat in which Miss Flossie's back would have been turned to the distracting game.

"Oh, no, please, Miss Walpole! You know Mark is coming back this morning; and I want to see him come.

"I will learn my lesson. I will indeed! Toute la famille y etait.

"Je vous aime. I love you. De tout mon coeur.

"With all my heart. Je vous aime de tout mon coeur."

"Eight all!" cried Clara Raymond, as she prepared to serve a ball to the Doctor. "Serve! Oh, here is Sir Mark!"

All the color left Olive Walpole's cheeks as she saw Sir Mark coming towards them across the lawn.

"Doctor—you here? Is any one ill?" was his first exclamation.

"You don't look very well pleased to see me," answered Doctor Wrighton, laughing.

"No, no one is ill—no one at least of any consequence."

"Being reassured on that point, perhaps you can find leisure to say 'Bonjour' to us," said Lucia gaily, as, racket in hand, she came up looking very pretty and piquante in her quaint broad-brimmed hat, and dropped him a dainty saucy bob-curtsey, to which Sir Mark responded by stately bow as he shook hands.

"Don't let me interrupt your game," he said then.

"How do you do, Miss Raymond? I hope you are beating the Doctor!

"He prides himself on his lawn-tennis, you know."

"I did not know," answered Clara Raymond, laughing.

"But that is an additional incentive. Doctor, look to yourself!"

Doctor Wrighton laughed as he took up his station on the serving line.

Sir Mark, after standing for a moment to watch the game, passed on to the schoolroom.

"Je vous aime—I love you—de tout mon coeur—with all my heart," said Flossie industriously. "Je vous aime—je vous aime."

And Olive's foolish little heart repeated the words in its quickened pulsations.

"I love you—I love you—with all my heart—with all my heart!"

"Well, Violet! Well, Flossie! Awfully busy, and equally attentive, I hope," said Sir Mark, as he entered and greeted the children.

Without waiting for an answer, he passed on to Olive's side, and, giving her his hand in silence, stood for a moment looking down at the fair pale face.

"I think lessons ought to be prohibited on such a fine morning," he said, smiling.

"Give these children a holiday, and take one yourself, child—you are little more, you know.

"See, Lucia is beaten and is anxious to give in, so you must take her place against Will."

"Oh, yes, please do, dear Miss Walpole!" cried Flossie clamorously. "Of course you will, now Mark says so.

"You know he is always right; you said so yourself."

"Olive's cheeks grew hot, and Sir Mark laughed a little.

"Did she say so, Flossie? It was a very kind speech," he said in a very gentle voice.

"Well, now she must prove its truth by taking my advice.

"Will," he added in a louder tone, "here is a recruit for you."

"Oh, will you play, Miss Walpole?" said Lucia eagerly.

"I am getting tired; but Clara is anxious to have another game."

Olive stood still, looking a little troubled and distressed, and making no movement to join the group on the lawn.

"Why do you deliberate?" asked Sir Mark, smiling.

"A holiday is not a very serious matter, and not worth such a serious face. I will make it all right with Lady Churston," he went on; but Olive hesitated still.

"You are very good," she said faltering-ly; "but I do not think—I care to play."

"Won't you come?" asked Wilfred, coming up to the schoolroom door, racket in hand, and looking very handsome, with his fair hair rough and thrown back from his forehead, and his fine figure shown to great advantage by the loose grey suit he wore.

"Please do. Miss Raymond and the Doctor are most anxious for another game. Come, Olive."

Sir Mark started slightly at Captain Treherne's familiar manner.

He said nothing, and Olive went forward slowly, took the racket Doctor Wrighton handed her, and the game began.

Lucia went to Sir Mark's side, and slipped her hand within his arm.

"Have you had a pleasant stay at York?" she asked in her most winning tones. "Did you see the Slades and the Wilmots?"

"I saw Percy Wilmot," said Sir Mark rather coldly.

"He was looking not at all the thing, I am sorry to say, and his manner struck me as being very strange—so cold and distant."

"Indeed!" said Lucia, coloring. "He was always an odd fellow.

"So you did not see Julia, or hear anything about the prospective wedding?"

"No. I performed your commission, Lucia; but Lady Ayrton is away from home."

"Many thanks! We missed you very much, Mark, during your absence. Churston does not seem Churston without you."

He laughed a little bitter.

"That is unfortunate."

"Why?" she said softly, glancing at his face, which looked, as it had often looked lately, grave and troubled.

"Because I am thinking of going abroad again," he answered quietly. "I am tired of quiet life, Lucia."

"Going abroad!" she repeated, while her face grew perceptibly paler.

"Going abroad! Oh, Mark—we wished—we hoped——"

Her voice faltered and failed.

Glancing down at her, Sir Mark saw the dismay on the beautiful face, and gratefully pressed the little hand on his arm.

"Will you be sorry, Lucia?" he asked gently.

"That is very good of you, little cousin. When I come back—if I do come back; and you know, dear, I am not gone yet," he added lightly—"when I come back, I hope to find you the wife of some happy fellow who will be fortunate enough to win your kind little heart."

"Oh, Mark!" she said brokenly. "Never!"

"Never! Why, Lucia?" he said gently, bending over her.

"That is a strange assertion, and a sadly spoken one. What does it mean?"

"It means—it means that," she said passionately; and she pointed towards the lawn, where the tennis was progressing but slowly.

Wilfred Treherne and Olive were standing side by side, and he was fastening the leather on the handle of her racket, which had come unfastened.

The action was simple enough, but there was something in the attitude of both so suggestive that Doctor Wrighton was watching them with a smile.

The young girl's fair face was flushed, and her eyes were downcast, while Wilfred's head was bent over her, and his hands, as they fastened the leather, touched hers, and he was smiling.

Sir Mark looked over at them with a sudden sharp pain at his own heart, and then a thought struck him which made him turn, with redoubled tenderness, to the girl who leant on his arm and who was looking through tears of anger and mortification at the pretty group on the lawn, with the golden sunlight falling upon them.

"Lucia," he said softly. "Poor child, is it so with you too?"

"I will tell you how it is," she said pas-

sionately, as she withdrew her hand from his arm.

"I am miserable, Mark, because I see that wretched designing girl is estranging us all.

"She has fascinated Wilfred, she is doing her utmost to fascinate you.

"She is worthless and bad and interested. Mark, it will break my heart if you too—give her your love."

She turned from him hurriedly as she spoke, and went hastily into the house, while Sir Mark followed, disturbed and vexed—angry with Lucia for her condemnation of Olive Walpole, but pitying her deeply for the pain her manner had betrayed.

"Poor child!" he said to himself. "I thought it hard that Wilfred's happiness should be purchased at the cost of my own but it is harder still that poor Lucia should also be sacrificed."

And yet, if Sir Mark had been a more vain self-conscious man, he would surely not thus have interpreted her very last words!

All that day Lucia kept her room, pleading headache.

And when after dinner she appeared in the drawing-room for an hour, looking pale and languid in her pretty semi-invalid toilet, she had the satisfaction of seeing that Sir Mark seemed more devoted than ever to her, and that, far from seeming angry at the words she had spoken that morning, his manner was perfectly kind and gentle.

And Olive Walpole, seeing them together turned away with a sick heart and pale cheeks, and stretched out her hands for the "counterfeit metal," since the real gold could not be hers.

CHAPTER V.

"I AM waiting, Miss Walpole, for your explanation."

"I have no explanation to give, Lady Churston."

"Excuses would have been a better word," said her ladyship haughtily.

"I have no excuses to offer," replied Olive quietly.

Lady Churston and Olive Walpole were in the schoolroom at Churston Hall, and some discussion of a serious nature was evidently going on between them.

The face of the elder lady was flushed and angry, and her governess looked very pale and nervous.

"No explanation—no excuses!" repeated Lady Churston angrily. "And you cannot deny your guilt."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Churston," said Olive calmly. "Guilt is hardly the word to use."

"It seems to me the fittest one," returned Lady Churston haughtily.

"I consider that your conduct is shameful.

"You have been treated with kindness and consideration since you have been an inmate of my household, and you have shamefully betrayed your trust.

"It was fortunate indeed that Miss Allan found this note.

"There is no knowing to what lengths your wiles might have tempted my son."

"Lady Churston!" exclaimed Olive, with a flush on her cheek.

But her ladyship made an impatient, imperative gesture imposing silence.

"You have neither excuse nor explanation to offer," she said haughtily. "Of what avail to speak?

"If you will not confess your guilt, I will appeal to Sir Mark."

"Oh—oh, no, I beg of you!" cried Olive, with sudden fear in her face. "What can Sir Mark have to do with it?

"If you think me capable of the conduct you ascribe to me, dismiss me from your service—send me away, and I will go at once.

"I have not been so happy here! But, please, do not tell Sir Mark."

"This only confirms me," said Lady Churston, with frigid stateliness. "What others saw, and what indeed I feared myself, has come too true.

"Not content with trying to inveigle my son, you thought your fascinations might win Sir Mark also."

"Madam," said Olive passionately, "you have no right—I have given you no right—you shall not—I did not——"

Then Olive's composure gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Lady Churston turned away impatiently; but at this moment Sir Mark's voice was heard in the verandah outside the schoolroom.

Lady Churston, regardless of Olive's upraised supplicating hands and entreating gesture, opened the glass door and called him.

"Mark, can you give me ten minutes? I have something particular to say to you."

"Certainly; I am completely at your service," he said quietly, and entered the room.

Olive covered her face with her hands and moved towards the door.

Lady Churston peremptorily ordered her to remain.

The young girl obeyed and made an effort to regain her composure, while Sir Mark looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"What is all this?" he asked. "Miss Walpole, what is grieving you so terribly? Has any one dared—— My child, do not fear; tell me what is troubling you!"

The gentleness of his voice unsettled Olive again, and for a moment her sobs grew so violent that Sir Mark became alarmed.

Lady Churston interposed, and once more Olive's pride came to her aid.

"There is no need to make a scene, Miss Walpole," her ladyship said coldly. "Few people like them, and hysterics are not likely to induce Sir Mark to see your conduct in a more favorable light."

"What is all this?" repeated Sir Mark. "What has Miss Walpole done, Lady Churston, to merit such harsh censure?"

"I will tell you," she answered at once. "Lucia found this note on the carpet in her room, just after Miss Walpole had been sitting there this morning.

"Of course she brought it to me. Read it."

Sir Mark, who had been watching Olive's face rather anxiously, started at the abrupt command with which Lady Churston ended her speech.

And, turning to her, mechanically took the note from her hand.

He did not read it, and glanced at Olive as if to ask her permission.

The young girl was very pale, and her hands were tightly clasped together, as if to gain strength for some trying ordeal through which she must pass.

But she did not raise her eyes.

Sir Mark stood hesitating, holding the note in his hand.

"Read it," repeated Lady Churston peremptorily; "you need not hesitate.

"It is but a copy of verses, or it may chance to be original poetry perhaps: that I do not know."

Still Sir Mark hesitated.

"Lady Churston," he said gravely, "this letter is directed to Wilfred."

"Yes: but fortunately it has not reached its destination," Lady Churston answered. "If you will not read the lines, Mark, you will give me the trouble of reading them to you!"

Sir Mark made an impatient gesture, and, unfolding the paper, read the lines written there in a clear quaint feminine hand, which he recognized at once as Olive's.

"Thou art to me less than a shade
By fragile leaves of autumn made;
Less than the note of some lone bird
Midst early spring's first whispers heard,
A weed, a feather on the sea—
All this and less thou art to me!

"Why does my trembling fancy dwell
On all that paints thy form too well—
See thee where'er I turn my eyes,
Haunting the streams, the woods, the skies?
Although a place within thy mind
I know my image cannot find.
Less than a kiss in sleep am I,
Without a claim on memory!

"I know all hope thy smile to gain
Is idle weakness, fond and vain—
Vain as to look for clouds passed by,
Vain as to follow vacancy—
Tell me what else is vainer yet
That this weak heart will not forget."

And underneath the lines were inscribed five Spanish words meaning:

"Who loves not lives not."

Sir Mark folded the paper quietly and stood for a moment in silence.

Lady Churston was watching anxiously for his next movement, and listening for his next words.

Olive was drooping over the table in an attitude which seemed to show that her strength was giving way.

Sir Mark brought her a chair, and she sank down upon it, covering her face with her hands.

The young man did not move from her side, but stood there, looking very grave and rather helpless, with the letter between his fingers.

"Well," said Lady Churston impatiently, "have you nothing to say, Mark?

"Do you think such a document does not justify me in dismissing Miss Walpole from a position she was never worthy to fill? Are you Spanish scholar enough to know the meaning of the words?

"Who does not love does not live, they mean, I believe."

"Something of the kind," replied Sir Mark rather coldly.

"But, Lady Churston, before you condemn this young lady so entirely, had you not better ascertain what Will has to say on the matter and what his connection with Miss Walpole is?"

"There is no connection whatever between them," retorted Lady Churston indignantly.

"Wilfred has never spoken a word of love to her in his life. That she confesses herself."

An expression of blank surprise crossed Sir Mark's grave face.

"You must be mistaken," he said hastily. "And—this letter——"

"Is a most shameless production," said Lady Churston coldly and contemptuously "the letter of a designing and mercenary girl!"

A little cry of pain broke from Olive: but, before Sir Mark could interpose, Lady Churston spoke again.

"There can hardly be anything more contemptible than such a proceeding—a person calling herself a lady, and treated in every respect as such, thus easily betraying her trust!"

"But, Lady Churston," interposed Sir Mark, "there must be some mistake. Miss Walpole," he added, turning to her kindly, but more distantly, "surely her ladyship is mistaken in asserting that there is no understanding between you and Captain Treherne."

Olive shook her head mournfully, and Lady Churston nodded triumphantly: but Sir Mark was not satisfied.

"Notwithstanding your assurance, pardon me if I cannot but hold another opinion," he said coldly.

"You must allow me to question Wilfred himself."

At this moment the door opened, and Captain Treherne walked most opportunely into the room.

He was looking animated and handsome, and whistling a snatch of some operatic air.

In his hand he held a cluster of Gloire de Dijon roses, whose sweet fragrance filled the room.

As the door closed after Wilfred, the whistle died away on his lips, and he glanced at the trio in great astonishment.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I fear I am intruding.

"Allow me to retire."

"So far from your presence being an intrusion, I was just wishing for it, Wilfred," said Sir Mark quickly—"it is in fact necessary."

Captain Treherne bowed slightly, laid the flowers on the dark green cloth which covered the schoolroom-table, and waited.

"Will," said Sir Mark quietly, putting his hand as he spoke on the young man's shoulder, "what is there between you and Miss Walpole?"

"Between me and Miss Walpole!" repeated Captain Treherne.

"Nothing but, I hope, sincere friendship and mutual esteem."

"Then you have never given her reason to address sentimental poetry to you?" said Lady Churston sneeringly.

"Read this, Wilfred, and look to whom it is addressed."

He took the letter and glanced at it.

"I do not know who has done this," he said shortly.

"But of one thing I am quite sure—that Miss Walpole never wrote those lines to me!"

Olive's brown eyes turned to him with a look of gratitude, which Sir Mark did not fail to observe.

"And yet the handwriting is hers," said Lady Churston disdainfully.

"I am delighted to know that you have not been weak enough to be duped by the wiles of a deceitful girl.

"I really think this scene has lasted long enough.

"Miss Walpole, will you be kind enough to make your arrangements to leave Churston Hall as soon as possible?"

"I am only anxious to do so," replied Olive, through her sobs.

She was crying bitterly, and the temptation was strong within her to deny all knowledge of the lines. "Please let me go at once, Lady Churston."

"One moment!" said Captain Treherne hastily. "You will surely justify yourself, Miss Walpole?"

There was a moment's utter stillness.

They watched her face anxiously.

Twice the little tremulous lips parted to speak.

She raised her eyes once to Sir Mark's face.

It was grave set, and stern.

It was not thus he had looked when he spoke to Lucia Allan, thought Olive very sadly. He loved her—Lucia.

Would it be Olive's part—Olive, who loved him—to destory his faith in the woman he loved?

Ah, no, no—a thousand times no!

"Well?" said Lady Churston at length.

"I have nothing to say," replied Olive faintly. "Please let me go now!"

"Did you not write the lines we have read?" asked the young officer quite earnestly.

"Olive, do not go under any misapprehension, any exaggerated notion of self-sacrifice."

"What do you mean, Wilfred?" said his mother sharply, while Sir Mark looked at him in surprise.

"What I say," he answered curtly. "Olive, will you not answer my question?"

"I wrote the lines," she said brokenly. "Now, if you have any compassion, any pity, let me go!"

She turned away with a passionate gesture of pain, and went to the door.

No one spoke or moved until Captain Treherne, with some sorrowful regret on his face, opened the door for her.

She passed out slowly, with her head bent and her hands clasped, feeling as if the burden of shame she had accepted was greater than she could bear.

What must they think of her—Sir Mark and Captain Treherne?

How must they regard her?

As unmaidenly, bold, forward, trying to thrust herself upon a man who did not care for her.

As being heedless of all the rules, not only of ladylike behavior, but of modesty. Why should she bear it?

She was not guilty.

She knew in her inmost heart that she was innocent of aught save a few moment's weakness, in which she had longed for love as a thirsty soul longs for water.

She felt that any love, even the affection of a man she did not care for, would be better than none.

There was someone working against her, someone who disliked her—why, she could not tell.

She knew who it was; but she could not justify herself, because the justification would bring trouble and disappointment to the man she loved.

That Sir Mark would have believed her, if she had asserted her innocence, she never doubted.

He was too true and too loyal himself to disbelieve her word: but, if her innocence must be purchased at the cost of Lucia's guilt, it would pain him immeasurably.

To keep silence was all she could do him; so she held her tongue.

There was almost a sad pleasure in the little self-imposed martyrdom borne for his sake; and when she reached her room Olive threw herself upon her bed, sobbing.

And her tears were not all bitter; the feeling that in her great love she could do a little for him soothed her.

Hearing the little clock in her bed-room chime out two, Olive started up and began hurriedly to take her clothes from the drawers and wardrobe, and arrange them in her trunks, her tears dropping fast the while among the folds of dresses and mantles.

It was hard to go, although, as she had said, she had not been too happy at Churston Hall; still it had been home for a few weeks, and it contained not only the man she loved, but the only person who loved her—Violet Churston; and it was only now that she was going from her that she recognized how precious the child's love and sympathy were.

Violet would be sorry; but she would write to her sometimes, and perhaps give her some news of Sir Mark.

Suddenly the thought struck her that she was going—where?

Where could she go?

How could she return to the friend with whom she had stayed after her father's death, and who had procured her Lady Churston's appointment, with such a burden of shame and disgrace as she bore now?

Where could she go?

Only to London, to try to obtain another situation there—at an office perhaps—she did not know how or where: but she thought London was the most likely place, and she would go there.

Then she took out her purse and counted its contents with feverish haste.

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and, thrusting the little *portemonnaie* into her pocket, Olive said, "Come in," trying to hide her flushed, tear-stained face turned away from the intruder, who proved to be the school-room maid.

"If you please, Miss Walpole," she said, "I think Miss Violet is not at all well. She says her headache is worse, and begs you will go to her."

"I will come at once," replied Olive, starting up; and, while she glanced in astonishment round the room and at the preparations for departure, Olive hurried to Violet's room.

The child was lying on the little chintz-covered sofa in her bed-room, looking flushed and heated, her eyes unusually bright, and the little hands, which Olive took tenderly in hers, burning with fever.

"My head aches, and my throat," said Violet wearily. "Oh, Olive darling, do something for me! It makes me feel so bad."

Greatly alarmed, Olive sent to Lady Churston, and Doctor Wrighton, being fortunately in the house, came at once, and looked very grave as he stood by the sofa, with Violet's little wrist between his fingers.

When he went down-stairs he was for some time taking to Lady Churston: and, as going away, he said he would return again in the evening.

All that afternoon Olive sat in the little chair by Violet's bed, with her arms supporting the child as she lay, and bathing the aching head.

Two or three times Sir Mark came in, looking anxious and uneasy; but he said little, and Lady Churston did not come, for Doctor Wrighton had not yet decided from what malady the child was suffering, and it might be infectious.

Late in the afternoon Captain Treherne came in, his face rather paler than usual, and his manner grave and embarrassed.

He had come to say good-bye, as his leave was out, and he was obliged to rejoin his regiment the following day.

Olive looked up at him for a moment with wistful eyes, but he avoided meeting her glance, and bent over Violet, who gave him a languid fitful smile.

"Good-bye, little girl. Make haste and get well," he said cheerily. "I believe it is only an excuse for being petted. You look so well!"

"Will you be coming back soon, Will?" the child said in her languid tones. "I hope you will."

"I do not know, Violet. Perhaps. Yes, I hope so too," he answered confusedly. "Good-bye, dear: be a good girl, and write to me sometimes. Good-bye, Miss Walpole."

He put out his hand and took hers for a moment; then, dropping it, he turned and left the room, while Olive bowed her head upon the pillow beside Violet, and tried to choke back the sobs, which would come in spite of effort; and, when she raised her head, Sir Mark and Doctor Wrighton were in the room.

That night the household was scared and anxious, and it was said among them that Miss Violet had scarlet fever: that Doctor Wrighton feared that it would be a bad illness; that her ladyship, Miss Allan, and Miss Flossie were going to leave the house the following morning, in dread of infection; that a nurse was coming from a London fever-hospital; but that Miss Violet would not let Miss Walpole leave her for a moment, and that Sir Mark was going to accompany his step-mother to Brighton.

Once that evening Sir Mark met Olive as she came from her own room, having changed her dress for a cool print wrapper.

"Are you prudent in thus exposing yourself?" he asked gently and gravely. "The fever will be a very infectious one."

"I am not afraid," she answered simply.

"Why should I be? Good-night and good-bye, Sir Mark, as you are going to-morrow."

"Good-night," he said, touched by the unconscious bitterness of Olive's simple question.

And she passed on, leaving him standing there looking after her as she went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

HE inquires into the symptoms of Owen's malady with a serious minuteness that betokens deep anxiety.

"You should have given up long before," he remarks.

"Not have done so,.what do you advise now, Doctor Frere?"

"You must rest, of course, set aside all cares and anxieties, and have some good nursing."

Owen smiles curiously, but makes no reply.

The Doctor adds, "Mrs. Grimsdale must take you in hand. Did she come down to Mountclair with you?"

"No. And if I ever get well it must be without Hilda's assistance."

"What do you mean, Owen?"

"Simply that we have parted forever; and as surely as though a deed of separation had been drawn up and signed. Hilda left me some months ago in hot anger."

"Hush—hush! Don't tell me family secrets.

"Your mother must come here and stay with you," replies Doctor Frere, hiding his surprise and emotion with an effort.

"Yes, she will come, I know. Poor old mother!

"I have not been as attentive to her of late years as I ought to have been. I gave up friends, peace, all for Hilda, and she has forsaken me!"

There is such intensity of despair in Owen's manner that the Doctor changes the subject at once, draws his attention to his bodily ailments,and administers a soothing draught.

Owen's mother comes at once to Mountclair, and takes her place by his bedside. She smooths his pillow with her wrinkled hands, mingles her white curls with his dark glossy hair as she stoops over him to press his lips, and sheds bitter tears in secret over the life fast ebbing away.

For ere many days have elapsed it is known through all Blithside that Owen Grimsdale has come home to Mountclair to die.

Great is the consternation in his native place.

This illness of his upsets people's theories, for they are proud of Owen, and look on him as a great success from whom wonderful things may be expected.

He has already won great prizes in life, and has not yet had time to enjoy them. Why should he succumb in the very prime of manhood, and go down to the grave in the midst of his brilliant career?

So the neighbors argue in their warm sympathy.

Doctor Frere stands by Owen's bedside one afternoon with a more than usually anxious brow.

He finds remedies of no avail, the faint glimmer of hope that once appeared is fast dying out, and the patient's weakness is increasing.

"Owen, your wife ought to be here."

The sick man starts, and looks up with a pitiful sadness in his eyes.

"Hilda will not come."

"She must, and shall! Give me leave to try my powers of persuasion!"

"Try, if you wish; but the attempt will be vain."

Doctor Frere sends off a telegram at once with the hope that Hilda may yet arrive before the end comes.

When the telegram reaches Brussels, Mrs. Charles Mountclair and Hilda are just stepping into a carriage, to go to a dinner-party at a German Count's house.

Hilda is, as usual, exquisitely dressed. She holds her bouquet and fan in her delicately gloved fingers as she reads the paper.

She stands for a moment pondering its contents.

Her cousin, who is already seated in the carriage, wonders at her delay, and calls out from the window—

"What is keeping you, Hilda? We shall be late."

"Read this telegram, and tell me what you think of it."

"Is it from your husband?"

"No, from Doctor Frere, the village surgeon at Blithside."

"What shall you do Hilda?"

"I hardly know. Perhaps this is merely a plan to frighten me. They want to get me back, no doubt."

"If that is your impression, telegraph back to say you can't go."

"I think that may be the best plan. I'll say I will return next week, if Owen is no better."

"Don't be long about it. Scribble off the telegram with your pencil, and give it to the boy.

"It is horrid to keep people waiting for dinner, and the Countess will be furious!"

Hilda writes her reply,then steps into the carriage, looking supremely beautiful in her rich dress and sapphire ornaments.

Mrs. Charles Mountclair begins counting up all the engagements they have for the next week.

Hilda is thoughtful and rather silent during the long drive to the Countess's house.

She shakes off her thoughtfulness when she reaches the gay party, and never has she been so fascinating as on that evening.

Men of brilliant intellect are there, and she loves to sharpen her sparkling wit in conversation with them.

Pretty women are present also, and Hilda moves grandly about amongst them, fully conscious that her stately figure and pale handsome face will compare favorably with the proudest, youngest beauty there.

Little does she think of that silent chamber at Mountclair, where the Angel of Death is already hovering with outstretched wings.

The wintry wind is howling amongst the trees near the Hall, with a low eerie sound as though it is fast putting on its strength, and means to rave and rage in storm ere long.

A desolate view is there from the windows, for the sky is heavy and laden, the paths wet with half-melted sleet, and the grass, the trees, and bushes are sprinkled with snow.

Dear old Mrs. Grimsdale sits at the window, and silently wipes away her tears.

She looks ten years older than she did a week ago, from fatigue and anxiety, for she knows now that she cannot keep Owen much longer with her.

Owen has been lying silent so long that she thinks he is asleep.

But suddenly he raises himself from the pillow, and asks if the answer to the telegram has come.

"Not yet, Owen. Doctor Frere promised to bring it the moment it arrived."

Hours pass away, and late in the evening the Doctor softly opens the door of the sick-room.

Owen again starts up.

"Has the answer come?"

"We will talk of that presently, Owen. How have you been getting on since I saw you last?"

"What does Hilda say? Is she coming home?"

"She is not coming just yet; we must have patience."

"Not yet? She will be too late, too late! She said it was all 'too late,' when she left me."

Owen falls back on the pillow, and his eyes close, but his mother sees slow tears are stealing down his wasted cheeks—stealing down, pitifully, quietly, as though his anguish is too deep for words; and, while he lives,he never mentions his wife's name again.

"Where is Nellie Frere? Send for her, mother; I want to see her."

Owen's wish is a command to those who are round him, and, though it is late and the storm is still holding high revel, whistling round the gables and shrieking down the chimneys, a messenger is sent to the Doctor's house at Blithside.

They are all assembled in the old-fashioned, low-ceiled parlor, and the bright fire flashes out upon a happy family party.

The boys have been hard at work with their books, as a goodly display of well-used volumes on the table proclaims.

Mrs. Frere is putting away her work-basket,and declaring it is time for all "good people to be in bed."

But Alec Moore, who is sketching a drawing for Nellie's scrap-book, laughingly pleads for a little longer indulgence, and Nellie seconds his request. They are engaged to be married now.

Alec is partner with Doctor Frere.

To look at him now, one would say that, though he was rather slow in getting through the stages that lead from boy's awkwardness to man's nobility, the result has been favorable.

He has developed into a splendid specimen of the genus homo.

His face has grown thoughtful, a handsome light brown beard gives a softer look to his features, and his manners have become more refined and quieter.

Nellie Frere is altered also.

She is charming still,her blue eyes,are as eloquent, her smile as sweet, her heart innocent as ever.

Her long-ago experience has doubtless dashed much of the romance out of her life and though she loves Alec with warm affection, she is not to be blamed because her heart gives a great throb, and her face becomes pallid, when the message arrives from Owen.

"What is the matter, my darling?" asks Alec in alarm.

"Owen Grimsdale is dying, and has expressed a wish to see me."

"You must go then; don't hesitate a moment."

"Will you go to Mountclair with me?"

"Of course I will. Do not get agitated,my love! We will start at once."

Mrs. Frere has been looking from the hall door, and lamenting that Nellie must not go out in such weather, and so late.

"They might have sent a carriage for you I think," she says.

"There was no one to suggest it, I suppose. I will take care of Nellie," answers Alec.

"Yes,help me to be strong," whispers the girl.

"You know where truer strength than mine is to be found," he whispers back.

It is indeed a bitter night.

The rain pattors on Nellie's hood,the wind drives the branches against her face as she clings to Alec's arm, and tries to pick her way through the slippery snow.

The trees crash and sway, huge branches rudely torn off by the gale, lie in their pathway; and thus, amidst the solemnity of storm, the gloom of night, Nellie for the first time enters Mountclair.

Owen's eyes are closed as Nellie goes into the hushed and darkened room.

Her father and Mrs. Grimsdale are silently watching the patient.

Mrs. Grimsdale draws Nellie towards her and presses a kiss on her chill lips.

"I knew you would come, my child!"

Owen opens his eyes wearily.

"Come nearer, Nellie. I can hardly see you; and I want so much to tell you I have been thinking of what you told me once. I remember the words; they are growing clearer and louder; they are ringing in my ears, and sounding in my brain.

"'The love of money is the——' how does it go on?"

Owen's words come out with painful gasps.

They all strain their ears to catch them, and now he seems distressed, and looks appealingly at Nellie.

She wipes away her tears, and says in a low clear voice—

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

"That is it, Nellie! Money has mocked me—all my wealth is not worth that cup of cold water to me. Give me some drink, Nellie."

And so it comes to pass that it is Nellie who offers him his last refreshment; it is her hand that lies for a moment like a fluttering bird on his brow, and it is her trembling lips that tell him where forgiveness and peace are to be sought.

As the pale gray dawn comes into the room, an awful hush steals over them all; and Doctor Frere, treading softly, goes towards the bed and lays his hand gently on the closed eyes, and they know all is over.

Nellie, her father, and Alec return to Blithside in the early morning,and the girl draws her hood closely over her face to hide her tear-dimmed eyes and pale cheeks.

As they enter by the garden gate,the bell of the old church begins to toll forth its deep tones.

Alec presses Nellie's hand softly, but does not urge her to speak.

He watches her go upstairs,and he knows she has gone to her own room to weep for Owen Grimsdale.

No want of fealty to Alec Moore is there in those tears, though she does lament the love of her youth—the one who has passed out of sight while the noon-day sun of manhood still illumines his brow.

CHAPTER IX.

HILDA keeps her word, and returns to Mountclair in a week, but she arrives at an unpropitious moment.

Her husband's funeral is going out of the wide-spread gates, and her coachman is obliged to draw up by the roadside to allow the procession to pass.

"What lady is that?" asks old Mr. Grimsdale, who has caught a momentary glimpse of Hilda.

"It is Owen's widow," replies Doctor Frere gravely.

"What can we do? Shall we stop?" asks the lawyer, rising from his seat.

"We cannot delay the funeral—Mrs. Grimsdale might not be pleased even if we did; she has come too late."

Another echo of the sorrowful words "too late," which shadow so many of life's experiences.

Hilda is, of course, greatly shocked, and declares herself quite overcome by the sad event.

She drives on to the darkened home, and finds the servants awe-struck by what has happened.

Their commotion is only increased by her arrival.

She draws out her lace-trimmed handkerchief and presses it to her eyes as she questions them minutely about all particulars. Then she goes up to her favorite boudoir with bowed head. Does a feeling of remorse come over her at the moment? Does she remember her vow that she would never live at Mountclair with Owen? They met at the gates as he was leaving it forever and perhaps a pang of regret may reach her that she was not with him before. Haunting memories sometimes assail those who have failed in their duty to the departed!

Ere long rumors are rife at Blithside. People say Owen Grimsdale left strict instructions that his will is not to be opened for twelve months, and that his widow is furious when she hears of it.

She has no wish to have her wings clipped in that fashion, and makes a protest against it.

But the law is inexorable.

Mountclair is again to be shut up to the "bats and moths" for a period, and Hilda's marriage-settlement of four hundred a year will be paid by the solicitor.

When all this is made clear to her, Hilda puts aside her heavy crape veil and sweeping crape skirts, and revokes the order she gave for a costly sculptured marble monument to Owen's memory, and in high dudgeon goes back to Brussels.

Mrs. Charles Mountclair is greatly surprised at her unexpected return.

It seems so strange that the rich widow should leave her beautiful home and come to comparatively confined apartments. Hilda begins to explain—

"But Mountclair is shut up; only a servant or two there to open the windows,and keep out the damp."

"How strange, Hilda! Didn't your husband know how dear the place is to you, and that you would be happier there than in any other spot in the world?"

"To tell the truth, Clarice, I gave him no reason to suppose so. Since poor papa's death I even refused to live there."

"And you have only your marriage-settlement?"

"That is all; and Hilda's pale, classical features are tinged with deep crimson that looks like suppressed anger.

Mrs. Charles Mountclair ponders the situation for some time, then gives out in her firm oracular voice—

"My dear, you did not 'play your cards well.'

"Those rich clever men speak and act after they are dead. But never mind, the delay is only short, and your fortune will accumulate all the more: you will be a rich widow some day, Hilda."

Mrs. Grimsdale understands what her cousin means, and in her own heart confesses that she really did not play her cards well,and what the result will be she cannot at all understand.

Yet report does well for her.

One evening, at a large party, she meets Captain Henderson.

At first she imagines this to be a mere chance occurrence, but he soon explains to her that he has followed her to Brussels, and has at last succeeded in gaining introductions to most of the people with whom she visits, and so they will once more meet in society. Thus the old intimacy is renewed.

Hilda cannot be ungrateful for the value Harry sets on her acquaintance, and, to tell the truth, she is glad to see her old friend again, glad to find her attractions still have power to lure.

He is a gay, polished man of the world, who has seen much of life in its various phases.

He has one peculiarity about him—he is always in money difficulties.

Again and again his father had helped him.

Of late that recourse has stopped, for the old man has refused to advance any more money, or to pay any more debts.

So Harry Henderson turns his thoughts in another direction.

He has always liked Hilda as much as it was in his nature to like any one, and now that she is a rich widow he determines she shall be his wife.

He presses his suit so vigorously, not indeed meeting with much obstacle, or many rebuffs,that nine months after Owen's death they are engaged, and in a few weeks more they are married.

Captain Henderson prides himself on appearing disinterested.

"If I were not so, Hilda, I should say, wait until the twelve months are over, but no, darling, we will not delay.

"Let me call you mine, ere the mysteries of your future are unveiled."

Hilda consents, and they go to London for their wedding-trip, with the view of proceeding to Mountclair, as soon as admission there is thrown open to them.

Harry urges their going down to hear the will read, but Hilda has not forgotten Mrs. Charles Mountclair's opinion that she has not played her cards well, and, with a kind of presentiment, protests against the plan.

"She shall hear the news soon enough," she says, with a sigh.

And so they did.

In due time a letter arrives from the solicitor, revealing the facts of the will.

Hilda learns that, with the exception of small legacies to old friends and servants, a moderate sum to his father, five hundred thousand pounds each to his executors, the whole of Owen's accumulated property is bequeathed to charity.

Her marriage-settlement is the only part of Owen's fortune she will ever touch.

Mountclair, with its vast rooms, its airy corridors, and its pleasant surroundings, is to be turned into a hospital, and the bulk of Owen's immense wealth is to be used to endow the hospital with unbounded liberality.

Once Owen had longed and craved for a home with Hilda at Mountclair, and she had refused to grant his wish, and now it is forever closed to her in return.

The wretchedness of his married life must have sunk deeply into his heart, ere he could have contemplated so bitter a retribution.

There is one important clause, however, in the will, and it is that, if Hilda is still unmarried at the end of a year after Owen's death, she is to enjoy the property during her life, and the arrangements about the hospital are not to be put into force until after her death.

Hilda glances over the paper with a wildly throbbing heart, then hands it to her husband in silence.

He reads it also, and,with a face on which indignation, bewilderment, and disappointment appear by turn, exclaims—

"How then am I to pay my debts? A pretty plight this absurd will of your late husband plunges me in!"

"Was it with a view of paying off your debts with Owen's money you married me, Captain Henderson?"

"Well, there is no use in mincing matters.

"I am plunged in pretty deep waters—over 'head-and-ears' in debt; and I should not have been fool enough to ask you to marry me, unless I thought you would have a good fortune," he replies candidly.

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"Did you require the telling, Hilda? Don't you recollect the reason we did not marry when you and I were young?

"I had no fortune, neither had you, and my pay has never been enough to keep me.

"And now, like fools of older date, we have married too much in haste. Had we waited a year——"

"I was in no hurry, sir: it was your mad vehemence," interrupts Hilda,with intense indignation.

"Ha, ha! You did not call it mad haste then!

"You seemed to hate delay as much as I did," Harry returns, with bitter sarcasm.

The tone annoys Hilda as much as the words.

She deigns no further reply, but sweeps out of the room with an air of offended insulted dignity.

She shuts herself in her chamber, and weeps burning, passionate tears.

Was this the man she once deemed superior to Owen Grimsdale?

"Poor Owen would have laid the wealth of the world at her feet had he possessed it, and yet she had spurned him and nearly broken his heart.

How long she remains there in her agony of remorse she cannot tell, but by-and-by she hears Harry enter the room and softly call her by name.

He raises her from the pillow of the sofa in which her face is buried, and, though she resists at first, he draws her drooping head towards him.

"We know the worst now, Hilda, and there is no use in making a moan about it. Quarreling with each other is not the way to mend matters. Come, wife of mine, let us do the best we can."

Hilda ventures to look up at him now. "Let us make a fresh start in the world, and let us help each other; our interests are one now," he urges soothingly.

In another minute Hilda's proud head is resting on her husband's shoulder, their hands are clasped together, and her passionate tears give place to smiles, as he calls her by all the endearing terms he can think of.

"I vote we go back to the Continent again, Hilda. We can live cheaper there than in England, and so much won't be expected of us."

"Perhaps that will be the best plan, Harry."

"Yes, and we shan't exactly be be beggars after all. You have your marriage-settlement; I have my pay. It would be all right if we could get rid of those confounded difficulties."

"Will you promise me never to get into debt any more?" she asks.

"Never again, Hilda. Trust me for that."

"Then we will live on little or nothing until every penny is paid off. How much my life has been embittered by debts!"

Harry accepts his wife's suggestion, and laughs at the idea of brilliant Hilda living on little or nothing.

But he finds she is in earnest. The experiment of economy is to be tried forthwith, and a large slice of their income is to be appropriated to discharge encumbrances. And so they retire to a small town in Italy, and cast their lot amongst strangers who, never having heard of their expectations, will not be able to taunt them with want of success.

* * * * * *

Blithside is looking its best one bright May morning.

There is a holiday glow on the people's faces; the very children, in their clean dresses and new hats, are in a whirl of excitement.

The old church bells are pealing merrily, the streets are alive with carriages, which rattle up quickly from the railway-station. Flags wave from the windows, banners flutter from house-tops, wreaths of flowers, triumphal arches, and evergreens have turned the whole place, for the nonce, into a very garden of delight, and the bright blue of heaven looks down smilingly on all.

What is going on—a wedding?

Hardly such excitement, even for an event of that kind, though, when Nellie Frere and Alec Moore were married only a few months ago, there was great rejoicing at Blithside.

The nob's hospital of Mountclair is to be opened on this day.

A royal prince and a bishop have come to assist at the ceremony.

The committee appointed to get the house altered into its present use have worked well, and now the arrangements are splendidly complete, and the list of applicants for admission is crowded.

Were the place ten times as large, it would be filled.

Alec Moore has been appointed physician to the Institution, and it is sure to be well managed when he is at its head.

First comes an imposing ceremony; then English-like, follows a déjeuner in the stately rooms of the Hall.

Amongst the guests is Nellie Moore, seated by her husband's sire, and with old Mr. Grimsdale and her father opposite.

Nellie is dressed in the softest gray silk, with bonnet and feather of the same tint, and some pink rose-buds are in her belt. Her quiet grace and sweet looks attract many observing eyes.

She is all unconscious of the admiration she wins, and cares only that Alec thinks she is charming.

Her eyes are perhaps a little more thoughtful than usual, for she remembers poor Owen, once the master of this grand place, and now lying cold and still in Blithside churchyard.

But this is no time for mournful reverie. The royal prince is making a speech, and ladies smile, their eyes sparkle, their feathers flutter as with gratified vanity; they have taken to themselves some skilfully turned compliment in his speech.

Then more speeches follow, the place is thrown open to inspection, and the whole party saunter through the wards and long corridors.

Amidst pleasant sounds and sights, the Mountclair Institution is thus dedicated to the purpose of relieving suffering humanity; and by-and-by Owen Grimsdale will be talked of as one of the benefactors of his age by those poor stricken ones who go to Mountclair sick and despairing, and come forth again for fresh struggles in the world of action, healed and saved.

[THE END]

An Owgego, N. Y., Romeo, of 16 summers, having borrowed $2 from a friend, eloped with and was married to a lady of his love, aged 15, recently.

Bessie.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

It was a warm, bright day, and pretty Bessie Willis looked longingly out from her window in the great hotel with a home-sick feeling at her heart.

"I wish I could go out," she said, softly, to herself. "I wish dared go out alone, for Herbert never thinks of me any more than he would of a statue set in a niche."

Herbert was her brother, lodging in some remote room of that same big house, and sometimes she would scarcely see him for days together.

They were all alone in the world, this bright young sister, and her merry-hearted careless brother.

There had been a very little property left them when their parents died, and as soon as Herbert was twenty-one years of age, he sold it, and taking the proceeds, with his sister in charge, was only eager to make his fortune in the world.

He thought he could easily obtain some pleasant and lucrative situation.

But situations were not so easily found, and prudent, practical little Bessie knew that their small fortune was wasting slowly week by week.

She knew it was useless to talk of this to Herbert.

It only fretted and annoyed him, and he told her often what a paltry speck it would all be, compared with the wealth he was going to accumulate.

So she drew farther away from him, and only answered his merry "Good-night, sis," with a pleading smile, or a grateful nod.

But this Sunday she was so tired and lonely, she wondered if she could not win Herbert's attention for a little while.

They did not even sit at the same table in the long dining-room, for Herbert had grown intimate with a party of young gentlemen who boarded there, and there were no ladies at their table.

But thinking of the dear old home, and of how long it was since they had talked together, Bessie wrote her brother a little note, and stealing down to the dining-room just before it was time for the bell, she laid it close to his plate.

As she took her own place beside old Mrs. Vanders, she failed to notice that some of the people at the other table had changed places, and a strange gentleman, with a stern, pale face, had taken her note from under the edge of his plate.

He read the name on the outside—"Herbert," and looking very much puzzled, put it into his vest pocket.

While waiting for the dessert, he took the little missive out again, and screening it by an apparently careless arrangement of his napkin, read—

"DEAR HERBERT—I would like to see some of the churches, if you do not mind taking me in my winter dress. I will wait for you in the parlor. Please come up immediately after dinner, and I will have my hat on, and be all ready to start.

"Yours, lovingly,

"Bessie."

"It is evidently a mistake," the man said to himself, "but how to rectify it I do not know."

So he went up to the parlor with a sort of guilty feeling.

There was the sweet faced girl he had seen at the table, just fastening her hat.

She did not notice him, but presently a group of young gentlemen came in, and the sweet face brightened visibly, as the girl stepped forward, saying—

"Are you going, Herbert? Did you find my note?"

"Note!" one of the young men said. "I have seen no note."

"Allow me, please," suggested the stranger, taking the note from his pocket.

"Mr. Herbert!" said one of the young men, in a respectful tone.

"I found this letter beside my plate, and as my name is really Herbert, the idea did not occur to me that anyone else could bear the same name at the same table. Allow me now to deliver the perplexing missive to its rightful owner."

"And that is me, I take it," said Herbert Willis, laughing merrily. "Here, Bessie, you know my friends, Wilson and Waters, and this is Mr. Herbert: my sister, Miss Willis."

Mr. Herbert bowed, and Bessie said, as Herbert twirled the note in his fingers—

"Can't you go with me, Bert?"

"I am afraid not to-night, pigeon," was the slightly hesitating answer.

"Well, never mind," she said, dropping her wistful eyes, and loosening her shawl.

After a few more careless, polite words, the young gentlemen went out together, but Mr. Herbert lingered.

He spoke some pleasant words to Bessie, and she tried to answer him with a steady voice; but she was thinking how long and lonely the evening would seem in her little room up-stairs.

"You are disappointed," he said, gently.

And she answered—

"Oh, I am foolish, I know; but my brother is always busy and happy with his friends, he does not think of me."

"There is a church near here," he said, referring to her note; "only the next corner. Let's take a peep at it."

She drew up her shawl again, and smiled gladly, not thinking there was any lack of conventionality in his proposal.

They went out like two children, and he offered her his arm.

The church was decorated, the sweet breath of flowers filled the air, and the deep tones of the organ seemed to invite them to enter.

It was early yet, and few people were there.

They went in quietly, and took a seat in a vacant pew.

Something in the hushed and holy charm touched Bessie's home-sick heart, and dropping her face upon her hands, she wept quietly.

It was a curious position for a grave and dignified bachelor to find himself in.

Sitting beside a strange young lady, hearing her sob, and yet not knowing what comfort to offer her.

Presently she raised her head and smiled.

"Please let's go out," she said. "I do not want to stay here any longer."

So they went out again into the cool spring air, and Bessie talked of her old home; of her mother, who was one of the sweetest and kindest of women: of her present loneliness, and by-and-by, of Herbert, her handsome, cheery brother, of whom she was so proud.

"He ought to be a very happy fellow to have a sister so devoted to him," said the man.

"Everybody loves him," was the enthusiastic reply. "But, oh," and her voice fell again, "he does not know anything about money. He is paying out all we have, and making no provision for the future. He pays now more than three pounds a week for our board, and he ought not to."

"But what can he do?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"I want him to take two or three rooms unfurnished, and let me keep house. It would give me something to do, and be ever so much cheaper to us."

The man smiled at her womanly plans, and said—

"You are right, child, very right. Meanwhile, what is your brother doing."

"I do not know," she said in a very low voice. "I am afraid not much of anything."

"Well, we will see about that," was the reply; "but there is a house in Fort Street, where the people are going abroad on the first of May, and someone must stay there during their absence.

"There is a good housekeeper there, and you and your brother can have whatever rooms you please——"

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Bessie, "are you in earnest? Can we really have a home?"

"Certainly, child; and I do not wonder you long for a home after isolated life in that great hotel.

"But to tell the truth, I went from the Fort Street house down there to board because I was so confoundedly tired of parties, and receptions, and flummery that I did not care a straw for. I will go back and take my old room for the summer."

"Can you? Will your friends be willing?"

The man laughed.

"My friends never dictate to me," he said; "but we are talking too much business for Sunday."

The girl grew thoughtful again, but when they went up the steps together, and parted at the door, her face was radiant with a new light.

She was going to have a home, she and Herbert.

The great house was beautiful to look upon, but the upper story had never been furnished.

Here Bessie set up her household shrine, and gathered her home-like treasures about her. And her brother and Mr. Herbert came every evening to chat awhile, to propose a ride or plan some pleasant excursion.

Herbert had gone to work in earnest, his ambition had taken a tangible form, and Bessie fretted no more about the future.

But one day, the summer had passed away, and the autumn, was waning late, she said, suddenly—

"Mr. Herbert, when your friends come back, who formerly lived here, they will want their house of course. We ought to be making some preparation to leave, ought we not?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "They came home a month ago, and are living somewhere."

"But what do they purpose to do with their house?"

"Well, they don't own it. To tell the truth, Bessie, I own it, and I purpose to give it to my wife for a bridal present."

"To your wife!"

Bessie's face grew pale as she spoke.

"Yes, if she would like it. Tell me, little woman—it is you I want for my wife—would you like the house?"

"I don't—think—I care much—about the house," said Bessie, her color coming back again.

"But you would like the owner? Oh? Bessie, darling, flatter me so much, say you would like me——"

"I do like you," whispered the happy girl, blushing more and more. "I always have."

THE year 1900 will not be a leap year, although it is divisable by four without a remainder. In order to make calendar and solar time agree as nearly as they can be got for many years to come, the Gregorian calender drops three leap years out of every four centuries, and those omissions are upon such leap years as will not divide 400 without a remainder, although they can be divided evenly by four. The year 1600 was a leap year, but 1700 and 1800 were not, and 1900 will not be.

As late as the time of Edward VI., a runaway or any one who lived in idleness three days was liable to be brought before two justices of the peace, marked V with a hot iron and made the slave for two years of any one who would buy.

Scientific and Useful.

SHINGLES.—One thousand shingles will cover 100 square feet of surface, laid four inches to the weather; for the above about five pounds of nails will be required.

NON-CONDUCTOR.—Granulated cork is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is on this account a very desirable material in the construction of refrigerator cars. It is also used in the floors of passenger cars as a "deadener" of the noise of the running gear.

ROOFS.—A German paper says that a roof can be made fireproof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt and wood ashes, adding a little lampblack to give a dark color. This not only guards against fire, it is claimed, but also in a measure prevents decay.

SAWDUST.—A new use has been found for sawdust by employing it, under a recent patent, as a substitute for sand in house plastering. It is claimed to be cheaper, lighter, warmer, more porous, and by its non-conducting qualities causing the inner surface of the walls to retain the heat which sand plastering allows to escape.

REMEDY FOR CRAMPS.—A writer in the *British Medical Journal* says: "The best remedy for cramp—the simplest and the most efficacious that I know of is a band of cork. It is easily made by cutting a small new wine cork into thin slices, which must be sewn close together upon ribbon or tape an inch wide. It can be tied around any part affected and worn during the night.

PRESERVING WOOD.—A writer in a contemporary journal says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. Posts of any wood can be repaired for less than 2 cents a piece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man who will live to see it rot."

ALLIGATOR SKIN.—Calf and other skins are made to resemble very closely alligator skins by a very ingenious process. A photograph having been made of a genuine alligator hide, a copy of it is produced in bichromated gelatine, which gives in relief all the curious markings, and from this latter relief representation a metal die is readily executed. This die is pressed heavily on the cheap leather, with the result of making it look so like the leather manufactured from the skin of the alligator as to deceive experts unless it is handled and examined. Any suitable stain can be imparted to the factitious product.

Farm and Garden.

BY STEAM.—A Maryland man has introduced a novel method of plowing by steam. The plows cut seven feet in width and will plow a strip of land one mile in length and seven feet wide in about forty minutes cutting a furrow about seven inches deep.

WORKING HORSES.—Working horses while it is raining or snowing, as is often done during the plowing season in the early spring generally does them much injury, and seldom if ever is there any time gained by it. Horses should be carefully protected from the sudden showers which are frequent at this time of the year. Colds, lung fever and similar diseases are often caused by horses becoming drenched when they are in a state of perspiration.

GARDEN AND DOCTOR.—"The doctor will ride on and sigh and sigh, if he sees you have a good garden," says an exchange. Very true, and why? He sees very little chance of making a fat fee out of you. You are in a healthy business, and you are growing health-giving food for yourself and family. If all men made and tended good gardens and had vegetables and fruits in variety and abundance, there would be but little need for doctor's services.

YOUNG TREES.—Young trees planted in the spring should be watched and their form regulated by pinching the shoots that sprout too vigorously and by breaking off the shoots which start where branches are not needed. A little care given to trees while young will make later pruning unnecessary. A graft should be regarded as a tree planted in another tree, instead of in the soil, and its growth needs to be regulated by proper pinching. Often the growth from a bud will be very vigorous. If the top of this be pinched it will become stocky and throw out side branches.

PETROLEUM.—Some one avers that crude petroleum is better for farm implements than any sort of paint, and the cost per gallon is hardly one-tenth of the cheaper kind. Any farm laborer can put it on wagons, carts, plows, harrows, and other implements, just as well as the most skilful painter; and it may be done in stormy weather when out-door work is impossible. Now is an excellent time for it, so as to allow the petroleum to dry and harden well before the implements will be wanted for use in the spring—When it soaks into the wood freely perhaps it may be advisable to put on two, or even three coats. This would last longer and is done so easily and quickly as to make it no great job. The woodwork of implements thus oiled will last very much longer, making its free use a great economy to the farmers, besides giving them a nicer appearance, in which all should take a just pride.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1884.

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MINDING ONES'S BUSINESS.

There is a certain easy, good-natured indolence that takes things as they come, and submits to almost any inconvenience rather than make a fuss which is much praised and fostered.

It has its good points. To fret and fume over little troubles, to worry oneself and every one around to no purpose about what cannot be helped, is silly in the extreme. But, when wrong things can and ought to be helped, when the selfishness or carelessness of a person seriously interferes with the comfort of many, or when in any way the best interests of the community demand an alteration, then patient silence and good-natured passivity are at a discount. Not by fretting and fuming, but by wisely taking such steps as the circumstances call for may the real principle of freedom be upheld.

To "mind one's own business, and let other people's alone," is excellent doctrine, only we must be very sure that we include in the former clause all that really belongs to it, and not make it a pretext for shirking any responsibility that may fall to our share.

But speaking more particularly, the most conspicuous peculiarity in a censorious, meddling mind, is that it never makes any allowance for condition of circumstances which a humane and liberal mind would feel to be somewhat palliative of the error. It is itself the standard for all moral actions. What it feels it would not or should not do, no other person should do.

The ardent and thoughtless impulses of youth—the misfortune of an education wanting in control and guidance—are never taken into account. It would be quite in vain to put in as a defence that, for example, poverty was greatly the cause of the offence.

In their own comforts they cannot imagine what it is to be pressed by want and temptation; nor if they could, would they be willing to admit any such excuse. If they reason at all upon the matter, it appears to them that admitting such excuses is only an encouragement to others to go and do likewise.

But the fact is, they have it not in their nature to so far pity a fellow-creature as to allow for extenuating consideration of any kind.

Still, while these methods may be wrong, we have yet rightly and properly a privilege to feel with and for others—what a glorious widening-out and enriching of one's life that is!

How it increases our joys because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others! How it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others!

Not generosity only, not kind-heartedness only, nor courtesy, nor unselfishness, nor keen perception, nor quick understanding—it is all these, and more than these. And yet all may be done without rendering ourselves liable to the charge of ever meddling with another's business.

SANCTUM CHAT.

CANON LIDDON disapproves of admitting women to the examinations at Oxford, on the ground that it is unfair to the men, because women were foreordained to be their helpmates, not their rivals.

—

IN the city of New York alone it is estimated that there are at present no fewer than four hundred millionaires, thirty of whom own from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000 apiece, while there are about ten who possess from $50,000,000 to $150,000,000 each.

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A TOMATO-CANNER, says a Boston newspaper, gives the following as the cause of persons getting poisoned from eating canned goods: When the can is opened and only a portion of the contents removed, the air acts upon the tin and develops the poison. The can should be emptied all at once, and the unused portion transferred to an earthen vessel.

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MYSTERIOUS fires have frequently been traced to the focalization of the sun's rays by glass vases, fish globes, paper weights, etc., and now a writer adds to these a case where, in a room with a southern exposure, smoke was seen to be rising from a table covered with a woolen cloth on which stood an ink-well supported on four glass spheres. Upon investigation it was found that these spheres, acting as burning glasses, had focused the rays of the sun so strongly as to scorch the cloth badly in several places.

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THE Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, etc. Those containing poison must be sold by the apothecaries only by medical prescription, and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as in any way prejudicial to health.

—

THE rate of fire destruction in the United States is steadily increasing. Eight or nine years ago it was about $70,000,000 a year, or $1,000,000,000 in fifteen years. Now it is $100,000,000 a year, or $1,000,000,000 in only ten years. Let this rate continue, and at the end of fifty or sixty years more the annual fire waste will not be less than $1,000,000,000, which would be more than the net profits of the combined industries of the country.

—

LONDON has a Women's Trade Union which is useful in various ways. It furnishes rooms in which women may examine the advertisements in the different papers, and in which monthly social evening meetings are held. It has established a circulating library, a seaside house subscription, a swimming club, and a women's halfpenny bank. There are three and one half millions of working women in London, and the Union is a movement towards help in the best way.

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A FRENCH doctor has made a discovery calculated to bring down the price of tenors, and furnish an unlimited quantity of masculine sopranos. The operator applies his surgical skill to the human throat in such a manner that he can at will produce a first-class bass, baritone, or soprano singer, and the operation is—of course—very simple, and almost painless. It was thought that the limit of folly was reached by the man who lately manufactured "Italian atmospheres" for English singers.

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THE Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate each get $5,000 a year, as do the stenographers in Congress, the two Comptrollers of the Treasury, a number of Surveyors of Customs and the Commanders of the Navy. Pension agents get $4,000 a year, the Civil-service Commissioners $3,500, the two Assistant Attorney-Generals $5,000, eight Justices of the Supreme Court $10,000, nine Judges of the Circuit Courts $6,000, and fifty-three Judges of United States District Courts from $3,500 to $4,500.

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THE popularity of black as a fashionable color is said to be on the increase. One or two painters have chosen it as the dress of their patronesses who would perpetuate their loveliness on canvas. In one case the monotony of black has been relieved by a tablier of silk in variegated Persian pattern and fringed at the bottom with heavy gold fringe. One of the most admirable portraits of modern times, and the only one of Fortuny's extant, represents a black-haired Spanish beauty in a black silk dress, high in the neck, and finished with a narrow linen collar. The simplicity of the costume fixes the attention of the spectator on the beauty of the wearer.

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A RETURN just issued by the British Education Department shows that the encouragement given in the code to singing by note is bearing practical fruit. The proportion of schools in England and Wales teaching singing by ear has sunk from 88.4 per cent. to 79.6 per cent. In Scotch schools singing by note is much more common than in English, only 36.3 per cent. north of the Tweed teaching singing by ear. Taking England, Wales and Scotland together, the percentage of schools singing by ear is 74.8; of those, that teach singing by note the staff notation is used by 21 per cent. and the tonic sol-fa 76.2 per cent.

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THE introduction of steam pipes into enclosed places for the purpose of extinguishing fires has been successfully tried in Berlin. The owner of a steel pen factory in that city, in consequence of the repeated outbreaks of fire in the drying-room, had steam pipes placed in three of the rooms, this appliance being shut off by short, soldered pipes of an easily-flowing alloy of lead and tin, arranged to work automatically. One day a hissing noise made the foreman aware that one of these appliances had been called into action. It was found, on investigation, that the contents of the drying room had become ignited, but that the steam thus set free had extinguished the fire before it could spread.

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THE use of food substances—such as meats, lentils, beans, etc.,—in a dried and finely-powdered form, is said to be attracting very favorable attention, especially in France. In this form the food is very nutritious, and is easily digested and assimilated. It is stated to have been tried with remarkable success by consumptives and other persons having weak digestion. The powder, of which a few spoonfuls are equal to the meal of a person with a healthy appetite, may be kept in bottles for an indefinite time, and may be taken with a little milk, gravy, wine, water or other liquid.

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A PROMINENT wholesale tobacco dealer claims that cigarette-smoking is dying out, and that 14,000,000 less cigarettes were sold in 1883 than in 1882. He says: "The taste of the American smoker is improving, and I find the better grade of cigars sells more rapidly than the common ones. This means a fine grade of domestic cigars. The manufacture increases and the importations are at a standstill, or, if anything, slightly decreasing. New York is the centre of the cigar-making trade. She has nearly 4,000 factories, and turns out 1,000,000,000 cigars a year. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois rank after New York. There were made in this country last year 3,177,860,952 cigars, about forty for every pound of tobacco used. How many imported? About 35,000,000, a total of about 3,150,000,000, or sixty for every man, woman and child in the United States, and 250 for every man over 21 years of age.

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THE effect of the electric light on health was recently discussed at a meeting of the Hygiene Society of Hamburg, and Dr. Kruss explained his views on the subject at some length. He referred to the influence of the electric light on the human eyesight, and expressed his opinion that it produces no evil effects, the light having a violet tinge under most circumstances. He referred to the somewhat exaggerated expectations which had been formed as to the distance at which the light was visible at sea; but, on the whole, he considered that the safety of human life at sea had been increased by the use of the electric light in lighthouses. The electric light being free from the disadvantages incidental to the combustion of gas, in the consumption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid, he considered its development as being a hygienic measure of relative importance.

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JAMES PARTON, expressing his opinion on literary work, says: "The great mistake made by most young writers, and which serves as a drawback to their success, is that they are inclined to depend too much on their self-convictions and ideas, which they evolve from their innocent consciences without regard to practical knowledge of nature and the philosophy of life. From my knowledge of authors—nearly all of whom are poor—I am satisfied that a writer, to do justice to himself, can only succeed to his own satisfaction by being possessed of at least a moderate competence, sufficient to relieve him of the care consequent upon his having to write for a living. Most authors write that they may live, and at times, with a love they cherish in behalf of pet ideas and sentiments, and to satisfy their own ambition. With a competence, an author can give his whole soul to the work. He can give all the time and pure thought essential to the proper application of genius and a brilliant mind, to a successful literary career. Young men with literary ambition should first possess a competence before they start out in the profession. My advice to such is that they go into the grocery business, or any honest calling. When they have secured a competence, then they can satisfy their literary bent and achieve that rich success which always rewards genius and a great mind properly applied."

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

From elm to elm the starling flits,
So keen to find a mate is he;
The sparrow 'neath the house-eaves twits,
The blackbird builds in hawthorn-tree.

The primrose shows her yellow flow'rs
Half hidden 'neath their shelt'ring green;
The sweet-breath'd purple violet
Peeps coyly forth her leaves between;

And pink-tipped daisies in a crowd
Upraise their heads on every mead,
As if they would proclaim aloud
That now, at last, 'tis Spring indeed.

All the gray farm-house garden-beds
Glow with old-fashioned flowers sweet—
The purple stock and mignonnette,
The wallflow'r and the pansy meet.

The lily of the valley shows
Her white bells 'tween their green shields fair;
The perfume of the briar-rose
Makes sweet with fragrance all the air.

At dawn the thrush awakes with song
The answ'ring echoes of the vale:
At eve the woodlands wide resound
With music of the nightingale.

Why do the flowers fearless bloom,
With one accord the birds all sing?
Why? 'Tis because the Winter gloom
Yields to the Spirit of the Spring!

The Birthday Gift.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

"SO, my dear, in spite of all your romantic ideas, you have made what the world calls a good match."

Mabel Thurston's cheeks burned, and there was an expression of pain in her soft violet eyes.

For a moment she was silent, conquering a strong impulse to speak indignantly.

After that moment's struggle her voice was low and even as she said—

"I married Mr. Thurston, Aunt Sarah, because he is the noblest, best man I ever knew. Because I knew his love was an honor to me. I gave him my whole heart. I love him."

"Of course, my dear. A very pretty, wifely speech. But when girls of nineteen marry millionaires of fifty we old worldlings call it a very sensible match."

"No one who knows Gerald Thurston would wonder that he won the love of any woman he sought.

"Hem! Yet he is a very hard, stern man. You will have to be careful not to incur his displeasure. Remember Helen! And, by the way, her loss will be most probably your gain."

"Helen?" she repeated.

Mabel's face expressed such utter bewilderment that her aunt added—

"Is it possible your husband has told you nothing of Helen, his only daughter?"

"He told me he had lost all his children."

"His three sons died, but Helen eloped with one of her father's clerks.

"He never forgave her.

"She is a widow now, with one child, and slowly sinking into consumption."

"You know her?"

"Well, my dear, before I went abroad, she sewed for me.

"She was so grateful for a little notice from one of her old friends that she really was willing to work for ridiculously small prices.

"So when I returned, I found her out again.

"I am going up there to-day; if you have any curiosity about her, you can go too.

"I would not mention who you are because she might be troublesome."

"I should like to see her."

"We will go now, so that you can be here again when Mr. Thurston calls for you. What train do you take?"

"The five-thirty. This is the first whole day I have spent in the city since I was married. I came only to see you to-day."

"Well, then, you can go where I go."

Stepping into her aunt's carriage, Mabel was driven off to a narrow street, where the fashionable, wealthy widow had found the daughter of the millionaire willing to sew to keep starvation from herself and her child.

The room the ladies entered was small and meanly furnished.

The lady who rose to meet them, with her pallid cheeks and great hollow eyes, was yet wonderfully like the strong, handsome man who had won the inestimable treasure of Mabel's love.

While Mrs. Hillbourne talked of the work she desired, Mabel made friends with a little girl of four years old, who was demurely dressing a rag doll.

She looked up to the beautiful woman who spoke to her, with the large, dark eyes that seemed her heritage from mother and grand-father, and while she was shy, she answered the questions about the doll with all the gravity the subject demanded.

Dollie, she admitted, was torn and dirty, and her face could not be washed, though it sadly needed cleansing.

Lastly, she would do just what the lady said, if she gave her the money to buy a new dollie—she would hold it, in fact, in her hand till the lady had gone, and then take it to mamma, and tell her it was to buy a new doll, with a hat and red shoes, the one Nellie had seen in a shop window the last time she was out.

Then a ten-pound note, carefully folded, was clasped fast in the tiny hand, and held till the ladies took their leave.

All the way home Mrs. Hillbourne talked of Helen.

She had been a petted child, indulged in every whim, never controlled.

Always in delicate health, her father had feared the demon of consumption, which had deprived him of his wife and sons, would also rob him of his daughter.

And when she loved Ernest Hunt, it was not his poverty, but his feeble, unreliable character, that caused her father, for the first time, to cross his darling.

She had thought he would easily forgive.

But the blow was too sudden, the disappointment too great.

Every letter was returned unanswered, and finally Helen lost hope.

"Mr. Thurston was away when Ernest Hunt died," said Mrs. Hillbourne, "and he did not return until after you were married—how long ago?"

"Two months. We had been at home but one week, though, when your letter came, telling me you were here."

"Helen does not know you are here, though she saw the announcement of the marriage in the papers. It is just as well. She cannot live through another winter."

A shutter ran through Mabel.

What she had resolved to do must be done quickly.

When she reached her aunt's her husband was already there.

"I stole a holiday," he said, kissing the sweet face raised gladly for his embrace; "for I suddenly remembered—what do you think?"

"I cannot guess."

"That this is my birthday. I am fifty-two to-day."

Mrs. Hillbourne had gone to her own room to remove her bonnet.

Mabel and her husband were alone in the wide drawing-room.

Stealing close to him, putting her hand on his arm, the little wife said, with a voice trembling with eagerness—

"I wish you would accept a present from me. I saw something to-day I would dearly like to give you, if you will promise not to refuse it."

"I should scarcely refuse a gift from you," Mr. Thurston said wonderingly.

"Will you promise to accept this one?"

"I promise."

"Let me go now for it. I will return very soon. The carriage is waiting yet. I will soon be here."

She was gone, while her husband still wondered at her earnestness.

Mrs. Hillbourne, supposing her guests had both departed in the carriage Mabel had asked permission to use for an hour, was indulging in a nap.

Up and down the long drawing-room the millionaire paced slowly, thinking of the sweet, fair face that had come to bring sunshine into his lonely life.

A very lonely life it had been for five long years, since his only child had repaid his idolizing love by such base ingratitude.

But perhaps he was to blame, that he had never before crossed that strong will.

No doubt Helen had thought his forgiveness would be easily won, and he had been cruel in his stern resolve not to look again upon her face.

Poor Helen!

Had she been happy in her choice?

He had spent many, many hours thinking of her radiant beauty, her brilliant mind, ever imbittered by the memory of how she had repaid his worshipping love.

But to-day there were softer emotions awakened.

Was it the touch of Mabel's soft hand, the pleading in her violet eyes?

She was gone a long time.

What gift would she bring him that was so precious she feared he would refuse it?

He heard the carriage stop.

There was a light step across the hall, up the stairs.

Not Mabel, then.

Mabel would come to him at once.

Weary with waiting, and disappointment, too, Mr. Thurston sat down in a great arm-chair, and drew a small stand, with a photograph album near to him.

With the shadow of his recent memory-pictures upon his broad brow, he looked his fifty-two years.

The iron-grey hair was heavy still, and his eyes were brilliant with intellect and vigor, but the curves of his mouth were sad, and his attitude was listless.

While he turned the leaves of his album with a slow touch, the door opened and a child entered the room.

A child of marvelous beauty, with long chestnut curls falling round a slender neck, and eyes large, dark, and soft as a fawn's; a dress of pure white fell around the small figure.

Mr. Thurston turned deadly pale.

The little upturned face seemed to have come to him from a long, dead past—the past when Helen was a child, a babe to pet and caress.

While he wondered, the child said, in a sweet, clear voice—

"Grandpa, I am Mabel's birthday present."

The room seemed reeling around the strong man.

"Grandpa!"

It was Helen's child then.

Was his daughter dead?

Where had Mabel found this lovely babe, over whom his heart yearned already?

"Grandpa," the sweet voice said again, "will you not kiss me? Mabel said you would."

Tenderly, as if she was a sacred trust, Mr. Thurston lifted the child to his knee, and kissed the rosebud mouth.

"Tell me your name, little one," he said.

"Helen Thurston Hunt. Mamma calls me Nellie."

"Where is mamma?"

"Home. Home ain't as nice as this," added the child, looking admiringly at the long, beautiful rooms.

"How came you here?"

The little one settled herself comfortably for a long story.

Mabel—she told me her name was Mabel—came with the other lady this morning, and she gave me the money for a new doll. When I gave it to mamma, she cried—what do you suppose she cried for?"

"I cannot tell, dear."

"Well, she did. She put the money away, and told me to-morrow she would get the doll. Then she coughed and coughed, and had to lie down. Oh, please don't."

For a groan had broken from the father's lips.

"No, dear, no. Tell me the rest."

"I was playing, when Mabel came again. She talked to mamma a long time, and they both cried, and Mabel kissed mamma."

"God bless her!"

"Mamma said that. Then mamma said I might go to ride with Mabel. First she bought all these pretty clothes—see, new boots and dress and all.

"Then we came here, and she took me upstairs, and washed me and curled my hair and dressed me.

"Then she brought me to the door, and told me to come in and say—

"'Grandpa, I am Mabel's birthday present.' If you kissed me, I was to run and tell her. I'll go now."

Down she scrambled and ran again to the door.

When she came back she led Mabel by the hand, Mabel very pale and trembling a little.

But lifting her eyes, the young wife knew her loving, daring act had brought no anger to her husband's heart.

Dearly as he had ever loved her, there was added tenderness in his voice as he folded her in a close embrace, and said—

"May God bless you, Mabel, for restoring my child to me."

"You will let her come home?" Mabel pleaded, eagerly. "She is very, very ill."

"The home is yours," was the grave reply. "It is for you to decide whether my daughter and her husband live there."

"Did you not know she was a widow?"

"No! I never heard that Ernest Hunt was dead.

"He died two years ago."

"Where is Helen? Is—is she poor?"

Tenderly, yet sparing nothing of the bitter truth, Mabel told what she knew of Helen Hunt's marriage and widowhood, and of the struggle for mere food that was adding its burden to the sorrow of sickness and pain.

Mrs. Hillbourne shrugged her shoulders, and thought Mabel had carried sentiment to an extraordinary length, when her niece came to her room to beg a further loan of the carriage, and in a few rapid words explained affairs.

"I will come again in a day or two, auntie, for a really long day," Mabel said; but, if you are willing, we will drive directly to the train now, and get Helen home as soon as possible."

"Very well. Give my apologies to Mr. Thurston. I will not detain him now, while I dress."

In the carriage Nellie listened with wondering eyes while Mrs. Thurston told her of the beautiful home soon to be her own, while Mr. Thurston alone went to seek his child.

Nellie had heard of the peacock, the canaries, the little room that should be her very, very own, the flowers, the fountain, and all the beauty of the home on the Hudson, before "grandpa" came back to the carriage, with mamma leaning upon his arm.

"Oh, mamma," the child cried, "we are going to such a beautiful new home."

"Yes, darling," grandpa said.

"Mamma has been crying again," said the child. "Do you cry when you are glad?"

"Sometimes."

"I don't. Mabel says——"

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Thurston, "do you allow your grandchild such terrible familiarity?"

"My——"

The merry, ringing laugh interrupted Mabel.

"So she is, papa, said Helen, her own dark eyes dancing too. "You become Nellie's grandmother, Mrs. Thurston, when you take upon your shoulders the onerous duties of——"

"Helen's stepmother," said Mr. Thurston.

Mrs. Hillbourne says it is "the oddest thing she ever knew," but really Mabel seems a bit sorry that she took Helen and her child home.

"And really," she would add, "now that Helen is getting stronger, it is certainly the pleasantest house I ever saw."

And Mabel, knowing her hand had lifted from her husband's heart its heaviest burden, has never regretted the birthday gift, that gave her added love in her home, from the feeble and loving woman who was rescued from poverty's bitterest pain, and the beautiful child who calls her by the appealing title of "Grandma Mabel."

CANINE INTELLIGENCE.—The latest story of canine intelligence comes from San Francisco. A gentleman, fond of whiskey punch, on one occasion, after taking his third glass, inauthously trod upon his favorite dog, which usually lay upon the hearth-rug in front of him while he indulged in his potations. After that the dog carefully watched his master and the moment the second tumbler was finished gravely left the room.

CONTENT is a communicable virtue.

The Fairy Money.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE prettiest girl and the poorest in all the country was Nora MacShane.

Sure you should have seen the blue eyes of her and the long black lashes, and the hair that curled and kinked over her white forehead, and the pink cheeks with dimples in them, and the chin likewise.

And wouldn't she have looked well in the fine clothes she never had at all, at all, and the jewels that my lady at the castle hung around her yellow neck?

But the child had never had a decent frock to her back, and for the most part she went barefoot.

Only on Sundays she'd put on the clean calico and the leather boots, and go to church; and for all their feathers, there wasn't one to match her.

Moreover, she could read her prayer-book like a lady, for the old grandfather had been a schoolmaster once, and he did be teaching her.

Yes, and she knew figures, too, and where the countries were across the seas.

God bless her!

It was a bit of a shealing they lived in, and the old grandfather and grandmother were both too feeble to do aught, and she wrought for both.

Day by day she toiled in the fields or in a farmer's kitchen; and penny by penny she brought home the money that kept them all alive.

In winter it was not so easy as it was in summer; but it was when quarther day came about and the rint was to be paid, that her heart was the sorest; for thin came the agent.

Tom McDonnagh, a crooked, brown fellow, the hardest agent in the country, and held out his hand for the money as though it grew on a blackberry bush.

Small blame to Mike McMahon for settin' the dog on him one quarther day.

But some way or another, Nora managed to pay her rint until the grandfather fell sick, and there was the doctor's stuff, and all, and then the rale bitter poverty fell on the house—God help all in it—and hunger watched at the door, like a wild baste, and all the dacent things went over to the pawnbroker's at Derrydown; and Nora's cheeks grew thin and pale, the next quarthur, and the hard agent coming fast and sure.

"'Twould be better if I'd die," said the old man.

"Och," cried the old woman, "spare your life till we can give you a dacent burying. Never wan of us had a poor funeral yet; kape you from that same."

And may'be 'twas just the pride that kept him alive at all; for none of us likes to be buried poorly.

It's not in nature.

And with that Sheila McDowell, sitting in the door, gossiping, cries out—

"Send you may have luck like Widow Burns. Don't the fairies send her her rint every quarther, since the old man died?—and there's lame Barney Rudd. Och, but the fairies do be putting a shilling or so under the stone of his door every Saturday, since the hour he broke his leg. And there's Hogan, when his cow died, and his motherless baby hadn't a sup, didn't the price of the cow come to him unknownst along the crack of the door?

"The good people is busy in this place this winter."

"And we heard naught of it," says the grandmother.

"'Twas kept quiet awhile," said Sheila; "but I came out after church last Sunday. Widow Burns began it and the rest went on."

And with that she told just how it was the money had come, and how they said was because the agent was that cruel and hard, the fairies pitied the poor folk.

"It's black McDonnagh's hardness did it all," says Sheila; "and maybe the good people will come to you."

Well, Nora heard the story, and sometimes she believed it and sometimes not.

But when the rint-day came about, and she hadn't a penny, she thought about it more and more; so that when crooked, black McDonnagh stood at the door holding out his hand, she burst into tears.

"God knows where I'll get it, unless the fairies give it to me," said she.

He laughed.

"Perhaps they will," said he. "I'll call to-morrow and see. I'm hearing fine stories of the fairies nowadays, and you've got a fairy spring beyant. They say money's to be found there, if you ask the good people at midnight, and then turn the biggest stone you can lift. It will lie under it. Ha! ha!"

Then he went away.

"Mocking the poor will bring ill luck on black McDonnagh," cried the old wife.

"But it's what they say of fairy springs," said the old man.

And Nora said to herself—

"Right or wrong, I'll try it. I'll go to the fairy well to-night, and ask the good people, and turn the stone."

She never touched her bed that night, though she pretended to go to it.

But when the old people were sound asleep, she opened the door and slipped out.

It was twelve o'clock, and the moon shone round and yellow over the hills, and over her head a great star like a jewel burnt and shone, and her white feet pattered over the green grass down to the side of the fairy spring, and she stood by it."

She stooped down and dipped her hand in it, and cast the water over her left shoulder.

"Give me my wish, good people," says Nora MacShane

And then, shaking with fright, she turned the big flat stone at the edge of the spring over on its side, and then she gave a shriek, for under it lay a bit of a bag tied with a string, and lifting it, she felt the weight of the silver in it.

She sat on the grass and poured it into her lap.

There was the rint and to spare—enough besides for many a bit of mate and sup of brandy for the old man.

And when she'd done crying she went into the house, and she paid black McDonnagh next day.

And he asked, with a laugh—

"Did the fairies give it ye?"

And she answered—

"They say the fairies help the poor when they are in hard hands, Mr. McDonnagh, and I begin to belave it."

He didn't laugh that time.

"Maybe his conscience smote him," says the old wife.

But however it was, from that day there never was real want in the shealing, and before rint day Nora always turned the stone and found the bag of money.

"God grant I'm doing no wrong," said she, over and over again—for now her conscience troubled her.

But she could not refuse the fairy gifts when the folks needed them so sore; and a year went by and needed nothing.

And when the old man died there was enough for a decent funeral at the fairy spring; and so when the old wife followed him.

And when Nora was alone, and she made up her mind to go out to service, for it was lonely and sad in the shealing now, and maybe not safe for a girl to live there alone.

But before she went she must bid good bye to the fairy spring and thank the good people for all they had done for her, though she had promised herself never to go there again to ask a fairy gift.

It was night.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and there was a moon again, but Nora wore the decent black frock she had bought, and had shoes on her white feet.

She went out of her door softly, and glided like a spirit down to the side of the fairy spring.

She was light on her feet, and the grass was soft, and whoever and whatever it was that knelt by the stones of the spring did not hear her coming; but when she saw it—a dark figure crouched low—she stopped and slipped behind a tree, and there she stood, her heart beating like mad, and thinking to herself—

"I'll see the good people now, maybe; and will I live over it?"

The moon was under a cloud that minute but the next out she swam into the blue, and by the light Nora saw what it was stood by the spring—a little man, crooked and dark, who thrust his hand in his bosom and drew out a bit of a bag, that jingled as he touched it, and put it to his lips and kissed it as if it was a woman's cheek, and hid it under the stone, where often and often she had found that same or the like of it, to help her out of her sorest trouble.

Black McDonnagh, the hard agent, no less with a look on his face like the look a woman gives her baby.

And all of a sudden Nora knew the truth, and the tears were in her eyes as she rushed from behind the tree and stood before him.

"May God forgive me for the thoughts I've had of you, Mr. McDonnagh," said she; "and God bless you for all you've done. May the best wish you have come to you, and angels make your bed in heaven ever more."

And then, Mr. McDonnagh, turning his face away said—

"I've done but little, girl, and I know you'll keep my secret. I'm not the hard man you think; but I'm an agent, and must do my duty. If I were easy, sure you know yourself how many would impose on me; so I pretend to be hard, and play fairy o'nights for the sake of those who deserve better. As for you——"

He paused, and looked at her; and sure his lip trembled and his eye grew dim.

"As for you, Nora," says he, "it's different from the rest. I'd give you all I have, and thank God that I might do it. Ever since I saw your pretty face, and watched you—good, honest, and true as you've have been—I've loved you. But the hard agent, that frights the children with his ugly looks—crooked, black McDonnagh—with nothing about him for a girl to like, knows better than to ask the prettiest girl in Derrydown what she thinks of him. I'm not the man a girl could love, I know, Nora."

But with that she stood before him, frank and fearless.

"The best man she ever knew; the man whose right hand did good, and never let his left hand know it; the man that loved her—wasn't that the man a girl would love handsome or not, Mr. McDonnagh?" says she. Only, no man would ever put her to the shame of saying so without being asked.

He didn't you may be sure of that, and it wasn't the bag of money he kissed next time he kissed anything at all, at all!

And so Nora married the hard agent, black McDonnagh, and people say 'twas for his money, and many is the hard name they call the two in Derrydown.

But, mind you, the fairies keep on at them work yet, and never a father falls sick, or never a cow dies, or a barn burns, and never hunger stands at a decent man's door, but the fairy money lies at it too, and saves them from the wrath of the hard agent who comes with the dawn of rent-day for his money, and laughs at their stories of the good people.

The Lover's Reception.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"DEAR me! Aunt Arethusa," cried out Mabel Wynyard, in a tone of well-feigned astonishment, "a blue ribbon in your hair."

"And new cuff-buttons, as I live," echoed her twin sister, Effie.

Miss Arethusa Whistleton looked rather sheepish.

"Well, why shouldn't I wear blue ribbons if I've a mind to?" she retorted. "It's a free country, I hope"

"Oh, yes," laughed Mabel, "it's a free country. And blue is certainly very becoming to you, aunt. Is Mr. Pouncington to be at the farm this afternoon?"

"I don't know whether he is or not," said Miss Arethusa, tartly. "Mr. Pouncington is nothing to me."

"But he may be one of these days," retorted mischievous Effie. "Only think, Mabel, what a nice thing it would be to have a wedding in the family."

"You'll ask Effie and me to be the bridesmaids, aunt, won't you?" said Mabel, with the utmost gravity.

"Girls, ain't you ashamed of yourselves?" cried out Miss Arethusa, scarcely knowing whether it was best to be pleased or vexed.

And just then the entrance of a visitor created a timely diversion, and Arethusa was allowed to retreat with her basket of eggs.

Miss Arethusa Whistleton was fat, fair and forty.

She lived all by herself, in a snug little farm-house, always kept neatly painted, with a "posey-bed" in front, full of southernwood, marigolds, and such like old-fashioned flowers, and had a neat account in the Humbleton Saving Bank.

But, in spite of all these substantial charms, no one had ever yet sought to gather her from the stem of "meditation lancy free"

Mr. Peter Pouncington was a single gentleman, nearer fifty than forty.

He lived four or five miles away, in an ancient brick house, with a row of poplars in front, and he never had got married simply because he had had a widowed aunt who kept house for him, darned his stockings and prepared his soup with exactly the right amount of cayenne pepper in it.

"What should I marry for?" said Mr. Pouncington. "Aunt Betts understood my likes and dislikes a great deal better than anyone else could do."

But one day paralysis laid his grim touch on Aunt Betts, and the next day she died.

"What shall I do?" said Mr. Pouncington helplessly, the morning after the funeral.

"I'd get married, if I was you," said Squire Martin.

"I don't know of anyone to marry," sighed Peter the Hermit.

"There's ain't no smarter woman in all the neighbourhood than Arethusa Whistleton," said the squire, after a little period of cogitation, "and she's got a snug bit of money, too."

Thus it happened that Mr. Peter Pouncington turned his attention in the direction of Miss Arethusa.

And all this preamble will doubtless set forth the exact state of things that existed on that August day when Miss Arethusa stood on the door-step of the Wynyards with the basket of eggs in her hand.

"I say, Thusy," called out Farmer Wynyard, as he came in from the field, "heard about the gang of burglars that's going through the village?"

"Burglars? No," almost shrieked Miss Arethusa.

"They was at Motley's last night; and close to the parson's night afore last," said the farmer. "I'd advise you to keep your doors pretty well bolted, and it would'nt be amiss to let the man sleep in the garret, till this disturbance is over."

"Nonsense," said Miss Arethusa, who had by this time recovered her wonted self-possession.

"I'm not afraid of the burglars."

And she went away.

That evening there was a fresh-gathered nosegay of sweet-williams, pinks and southernwood on the shelf, and Miss Arethusa lighted the best lamp.

Who knew but that some one might perchance happen to drop in?

But the clock struck seven—eight—and no one came.

A quarter to nine—and Miss Arethusa, who had nearly fallen asleep over her newspaper, rose reluctantly up.

"He won't come to-night," she told herself, and blew out the lamp.

At the self same moment the gate latch creaked dolorously, and Miss Arethusa, all in the dark, gave a little nervous jump.

"It's the burglars," cried she. "And I meant to have oiled the lock of Grandfather Whistleton's old gun."

However, Miss Arethusa was by no means a coward.

Old Obadiah Whistleton, her grandfather had fought, and not discreditably, in the wars, and she inherited something of his spirit.

Seizing the poker, she rushed out, followed by Dan, the dog.

"Seize 'em Dan," she cried out. "S-s-s-seize 'em. Get out. Clear! I'll teach you to come disturbing folks at this time of night. Lord alive," in a sort of scared sotto voce, "they've fell down the cellar, the whole band of 'em."

And it was but the work of a second for Miss Arethusa to close the yawning trap-door, and secure it by a chain and bar.

"Now, Dan" she cried, in accents of scarce suppressed exultation, "watch 'em. Watch 'em, boy, till I come back."

So saying, Miss Whistleton set briskly forth through the misty darkness—for the sky was overcast and threatened rain—towards the house of her brother-in-law Wynyard.

Mrs. Wynyard had gone to bed.

The Miss Wynyards, Mabel and Effie, were yawningly putting up their hair in curl papers, but the farmer was yet adding up his week's accounts in the kitchen by the light of a sputtering tallow-candle in a tin candlestick.

"Why, bless me," cried he, opening his mouth as wide as a Dutch doll, "it's Thusy.

"Yes," panted Arethusa; "it's me. Come quick. Burglars."

"No," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Arethusa, impatiently plucking at the sleeve of his coat. "Call Jim. Get the crowbar. Load your gun. They're all down the cellar, and Dan's a-watching 'em."

"You don't say so," said Wynyard. "How many of 'em?"

"Three, at the very least," panted the terrified maiden. "Make haste, or they'll be escaping, and I wouldn't miss the chance of lodging them in prison on any account."

So Mr. Wynyard, his stout farm-hand Jim, and two of the nearest neighbors, summoned as hastily as might be, set forth valiantly in behalf of unprotected feminity, as represented by Miss Arethusa Whistleton.

Dan was faithfully maintaining his post at the door of the cellar when the little party arrived on the scene carrying two lanterns, and nothing but the touch of Miss Arethusa's hand on his collar could induce him to withdraw.

"Be careful, now," cautioned Miss Arethusa, as Jim unbarred the lock and opened the cellar door. "Only suppose they were all to rush out at you."

"Then I expect there'd be more rushes than one," said Jim, with a grin.

Still nobody appeared.

"I hope to goodness, gracious they haven't escaped," said Miss Arethusa.

"Come out, you, bawled the farmer; and at that imperative summons a bedraggled, limp figure limped slowly forward.

"I've sprained my ankle," it faltered, "and I've fallen into a barrel of wash, and the dog has worried me, and now," with a little dodge, as he espied the shining muzzle of Mr. Wynyard's pistol, "I suppose I'm to be shot; but what it's all all about, I don't know."

"Why, "bawled the farmer, "it's Mr. Pouncington."

"Mr. Pouncington!" echoed poor Miss Arethusa.

And she fainted.

Mr. Wynyard took the disconsolate swain home in his wagon—but he never come again.

"I'm not accustomed to be treated in this sort of a way when I call on a lady," said Mr. Pouncington.

And when one comes to reflect on the matter, it did seem a little inhospitable.

Whose Was The Guilt?

BY DAVID KER.

ELLIS TREMAYNE laid his fork down with a gesture half of impatience, half of discouragement, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months' married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem not to have the smallest appreciation of affairs, Effie. I have explained time and again that I am living up to my income—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Effie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him horribly cross, and parted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

And it was lovely.

Mr. Tremayne thought so that same moment as he looked at the delicate pink-and-snow complexion, and the large dark blue eyes that had played such mad havoc with his heart a year ago—at the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly consummating their task of discovering the clay feet of his idol—that now were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! What's the use of living at all if you can't have what you want—if you can't have things like other people? I tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading enough to give entire credence to her assertions.

"I am almost tempted to say that cannot be true, Effie, since it was only a week ago to-day I handed you twenty-pounds—a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier on which to keep a family of two."

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's forehead, but Effie only only answered with a sneer—

"Twenty-five pounds! You speak as if it were a fortune. I tell you, Ellis, I must have things like—like other people. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Bellburn calls for me to drive, wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in the street or at church."

Tremayne smiled contemptuously.

"So you hope to rival the wife of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you?—you, the wife of the cashier at Wingfield and Sons, on seven hundred a year? Effie, have nothing to do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seeds of discontent and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Ellis—you shall not say so. But I must have money to get a new suit. Oh, Ellis, such a heavenly shade of prune, and you know I can wear so well one particular shade. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Mrs. Lamar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg with a very little show of satisfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Effie as a sure sign of consent.

She was not slow in pressing her advantage.

"It won't cost over twenty-pounds, Ellis—very reasonable indeed, for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I am sure you can't be displeased at that. Then say 'Yes,' won't you, Ellis dear?"

A settled, white look came around his handsome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fine clothes than for my respect and the consciousness that you are an economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost goading him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy.

She had accomplished her desire, and his cold, yet touching, words had fallen unheeded before that—

"You can have the money."

She sprang from her chair behind the coffee-urn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his worried, handsome forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'No,' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Ellis, when you see how lovely I shall look in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? You like to see me look as pretty as I did before we were married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me?"

Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers—of course Ellis laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain pink, and he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he had won her, thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, yes, anxious, to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power—only, Effie was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dress and style that were beyond the capabilities of even the well-salaried man he was.

So now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his purse and laid a bank-note on the table cloth.

"There's your new silk, dear—may you enjoy it."

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared, that Effie's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan.

So, as she demurely folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russia pocket-book, she began, so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm—

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hastings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost staggering Tremayne.

"Oh, Effie, no. It would involve a larger expense, ten times, than it costs at home."

Then, seeing that well-known, martyr-like expression settling on her face, that always drove him to desperation, he added, hastily—

"If you can manage it, go yourself. I dare say some of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, may I, may I, really? Indeed, I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and with a little more, I can easily get what I absolutely need. Ellis, you are a darling!"

He laughed—not very joyously.

"I am glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later, Mrs. Effie Tremayne, dressed in an unexceptionably elegant walking-costume, started out on her shopping tour, to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon, or the pearl-blue, or this sunnier pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hastings."

Hastings!

Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed.

"I hope to see you at the shore, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink."

"So you will be there? Do join our party—only Godfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Bellburn and I—for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get new?"

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as, very, very gradually, she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach.

And yet she consented to Mrs. Codding-

ton's kind offer that Mr. Coddington should secure rooms for the whole party.

She made up her mind that the elegant stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought needed only a little renovation and small addition to make it all that was necessary, would not do at all.

And so, besides the money her husband had given her being spent in the dozen and one trifling accessories that a well-dressed woman's toilet demands, there was folded away in a seldom-used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocket-book an unreceipted bill of fifty pounds, made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Effie's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with her parcels from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

She had time to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner to look over her purchases, that, after all, seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocket-book, that she dreaded to show her husband for all the flushed gaiety of her manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her walking suit, and donned a lovely black tissue.

"Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away.

"He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss.

"Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the housekeeping money."

So she quieted her conscience with the hopefully specious promises, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to employ the services of a high-priced dressmaker, whose bill for her work she tucked away in her pocket-book also, and thus swelled the indebtedness of her husband to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned.

If she had only known, as she kissed her daintily-kidded hand to her husband, as he stood watching her off, with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, sternness, pride, annoyance and harassing worry.

* * * * * * *

"One of the prettiest women at the seaside and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eye-glass as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a lily, in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her lace-covered, pink-lined parasol casting faint, rosy shades on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is a Mrs. Tremayne, from London, with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the parade. A regular beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eye-glass slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriage.

"Mrs. Ellis Tremayne? I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard young Bellburn say he was unable to leave his business—a book-keeper or something, I believe for a firm in the City."

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair with an odd smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways, or else——"

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute."

He deliberately adjusted his glasses, and then opened the dispatch.

"Come at once. Everything traced to T.
"JAS. WINGFIELD."

And as he returned the paper to the envelope, he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement, as Bellburn talked and laughed with her.

* * * * * * *

The pretty little house seemed so lonely and deserted after Effie had gone, and Ellis Tremayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely-contorted discouragement and excitement.

For an hour or so he laid there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half groan of mental distress.

"This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for——"

He had gone over to the silver dressing bureau, carelessly tearing up two letters of no consequence, that lay on the top, and a pistol, even more marked than his late mental paleness, overspread his face as he saw the two formidable bills.

Then something very like an oath came from his set teeth.

"My temptation be on her head—my——"

He sprang suddenly to his feet as the door-bell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne, and heard the servant usher his company into the drawing-room.

Then he went slowly, slowly downstairs, into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your neat system of embezzlement. Officer ——"

Ellis stepped haughtily back.

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit, as it is, what is the difference between a limited life abroad, or—this?"

Quick as a flash, the pistol gleamed in the gas-light.

A report, a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a crash, and the husband of a woman that was too unwomanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore—the woman, who had it in her power, as all women who are wives have, to goad to destruction, in some form or another, or guide to happiness and success, in some means or another, this husband, who was less wicked than weak, went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt?

Hers, or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still.

Sister-wives, be you careful, lest, although your hands and heart are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's hands and heart are thus reddened to-day—be careful that it lays not at your door that your husbands lose all their faith and trust in women, a sacred vow as well as privilege to share eagerly in their economies and many petty grievances that no household is without that small though they are, if not accepted in the spirit of patience, love and forbearance, are the little vexes that destroy the vine beyond hope of recovery.

* * *

WISDOM IN BRIEF.—Always pass the fruit to everyone else before helping yourself. Common politeness will induce your company to leave the choicest specimens upon the plate, when you can eat them without creating remark.

Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.

Three cents a day for a newspaper isn't much, but in a year it amounts to over $9, in 100 years to over $900. You can save this $900 by a systematic borrowing of your neighbor's paper.

When looking over an album with a lady never make fun of any of the pictures. It may be a relative or particular friend. Neither praise the beauty of the unknown too highly. She may be the pet aversion of your fair companion.

Never return a borrowed umbrella. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Your friend, having ventured one umbrella upon your honesty, will be loth to repeat the risk.

Do not attempt to make yourself agreeable to the ladies when your wife is present. She will get the idea you like female company. Always make your wife happy when you can. It is a duty and should be a pleasure.

If your friend meets with adversity do not offend him by asking into the particulars. His neighbor will be glad to tell you all. Thus you not only avoid offending your friend, but you give pleasure to his neighbor.

Never look over a person's shoulder when he is writing. He may be writing what he thinks of you.

Never smoke in the presence of ladies. Few ladies appreciate the flavor of tobacco, and your reputation will be injured by their reporting that you smoke execrable cigars.

After drinking, do not attempt to disguise your breath with a clove. True, people will smell the liquor, but not smelling the clove also, they will think you an unsophisticated amateur in the tippling line.

Never speak ill of a man. He will be sure to hear of it, and in his wrath he will tell something twice as damaging against you.

Do not judge [illegible]

Never say [illegible] ance. "Come and see us some time." Some time means any time, and he will come when you least expect him. It is better to name some specific time; then you can take the precaution to be out when he calls.

Be kind to the aged. They are not to blame for being old. They would be as young as you, probably, if they could have their way.

Do not stare at the ladies in the street. You may cause them to think that you are admiring them, and therefore make them vain.

* * *

WEDDING CEREMONIES.—It would not be a bad idea if some fashionable bride would set the fashion of wearing simpler dresses at weddings as is now the rule.

The simpler a wedding dress is made the better it looks. Very young brides, that is those from seventeen to twenty, should wear some thin white material such as silk mull, crepe, or embroidered tulle. Girls from twenty to twenty-five look better dressed in white satin or ottoman silk, while older brides can wear the very heavy satins and brocaded velvets so largely used this Winter. A bride should always wear a veil of some description—of old lace if she happens to have it, and of tulle, or illusion if she has not.

It is a pretty fashion to wear the veil over the face, though it is a style that has not been as popular this year as formerly. Brides are now sometimes accompanied by two "maids of honor," and four bridesmaids besides. The English form of wedding ceremonial is still popular, and in large weddings is invariably the one chosen. It is not considered in good taste now for the bride to give her bridesmaids their dresses. She can present them with fans, bracelets, bouquets, or anything but their dresses.

* * *

AT a wedding at Janesville, Wis., all of the eighteen guests were searched for $50 in gold, one of the presents of the bride, which had been stolen from her dresser. The money was not recovered.

The Reconciliation.

BY P. R. NELSON.

I DON'T think I can endure it any longer, said Dr. Hartford, gloomily. "And Antonia is of the same opinion. So, upon her return from Stafford, we have agreed to take legal proceedings for a quiet separation."

Lucius Hartford was a tall, fine-looking man, with a square, white brow, over which his intense black hair fell in wavy profusion.

As he spoke, he was toying carelessly with a pearl paper-knife which lay upon his desk, while opposite sat his mother, a pretty old lady, with soft silvery curls, and eyes that still sparkled with something of the fires of youth.

"But, Lucius," she cried, instinctively interlocking her slender white fingers, "this is terrible! A separation! and you not married a year yet!

"I know it, mother," said the young physician; "but what else is to be done? We cannot agree upon any one subject. She says she is a wretch, and so am I."

"Have you any positive fault to find with her?"

"None, except that our tastes are not in [illegible]

"But, my son, you should have found that out before you married her."

"I am aware of that, mother," he answered, dejectedly; "but the evil is past remedying now.

"And in what way does she accuse you?"

"She calls me cold and unsympathetic. She says she fails to find the affection and devotion which she expected from a husband."

"Lucius, tell me truly, have you no fault to find with yourself?"

He averted his eyes slightly and bent the fragile pearl toy until it snapped within his grasp.

"Is it a fault, mother, to be too tired when I come home to play the devoted lover? To write sonnets to her eyebrows and read poetry by the hour?" he impatiently retorted.

"Is that what she expects?"

"Something very much like it. At all events, we are estranged.

"She no longer cares for me as she did. I fail to find in her the qualities I once admired, and, feeling as we do, it would be a mere farce any longer to keep up the empty forms of conjugal life."

Mrs. Hartford sighed deeply.

She knew that her only son was of a peculiarly reserved and sensitive nature, and a few months ago, when he was married to the beautiful young orphan, Antonia St. Leger, she had hoped he was solving the problem of his destiny.

But, now, things were more hopelessly [illegible] than ever.

"[illegible]" she said, at length, "this is a matter on which no one except the parties immediately concerned has any right to counsel or advise.

"Do as you think best, Lucius."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There seems to be little choice left me," said he.

"We shall part. Antonia will go back to Norton, and I [illegible] be no worse off than I was before."

But there was no mirth in his laugh, and it grated sadly on the mother's ear.

Mrs. Hartford went home, and Lucius was left alone.

He went back into the pretty bay-windowed parlor which, but a few months ago, he had taken such pleasure in ornamenting and decorating for the reception of his young bride.

There was the stand of flowers, the canary bird sings in the window, the rosewood case of carefully-selected books, the oil paintings full of light and color and enfolding sunshine, the pearl inkstand, the workbox—all the thousand pretty things that he had hoped would help to endear her home to her.

All that was past now.

He had tried, and he had failed.

Well, let it go.

What was life but a series of failures at its best?

And what right had he to expect anything else?

As he stood there, leaning one elbow on the mantel and moodily looking at the bunches of green fern leaves on the faint gray ground of the carpet, the maid entered with a telegram.

It was from Antonia.

"Expect me by the morning train.
"A. HARTFORD."

He crumpled it up in his hands.

"I understand," he said to himself.

"She has received my last letter, the welcome news which informed her that upon her return I should institute the legal preliminaries to an eternal parting. She is in haste to escape from me. Well, the sooner the better."

And he went off to his round of patients, trying to forget, in the sore tribulation of their physical pain, the serpent that was gnawing at his own heart.

The next evening, upon opening the paper, the first words that met his eyes were these—

"Fatal Railroad Accident. Loss of life."

He read it over twice—three times, with a mechanical slowness, before the paper dropped from his hand.

Then catching it eagerly up, he ran his eye over the list of the "killed."

"No—no!" he faltered aloud, "her name is not there.

"Yes—yet I feel certain, in the inmost depths of my heart, that she is among the dead!

"These reports are necessarily inaccurate and hurried; here are so many typographical errors.

"And there is the name of Mrs. A. Hartford.

"Good Heaven! it must be her. Poor Antonia—and she has passed beyond the reach of my petty unkindness, even before she could say she forgave me.

"So young—so beautiful—my Antonia."

He had not used the old, fond expression for weeks.

Starting to his feet, he rang the bell loudly for his servant.

"Sarah," he faltered, scarcely able to control his voice, "I am going to Stafford, at [illegible].

"Shall I put up your things, sir?"

"No, there will be no time for that; I need nothing.

"If any patients require me, send them to Dr. Millington."

And Dr. Hartford hurried away, his heart full of vague terror, his soul racked by many memories of the times when he might have been kinder, more considerate to the solitary young creature who had entrusted her happiness so confidingly to his care.

"And I," he muttered between his teeth, "how have I fulfilled the trust? I have been a brute—a savage! No wonder she wanted to separate from me. I would separate from myself if I could. Oh! how can I look upon her dead face and recall these things?"

He had scarcely been gone an hour, when the bell rang, and Sarah, hastening to open the door, beheld the unexpected sight of Mrs. Hartford.

"Dear me, ma'am," cried the astonished maid, "you ain't seen master?"

"Seen Dr. Hartford? How should I see him?" Is he not here?"

"Gone to Stafford, ma'am. After you, I supposed."

Mrs. Hartford turned deadly pale.

"Gone to Stafford?" she faltered.

And she sank down into a chair.

She too had heard of the frightful railway accident—an accident which Dr. Hartford had, in his haste and bewilderment, forgotten to note had occurred to the up, instead of the down train, and she at once jumped to the conclusion that her husband was on the wrecked train.

"Has anything happened, ma'am?" demanded Sarah.

Had anything happened?

Yes, everything had happened.

Lucius had always seemed so strong, so stately, so full of life and vitality, that it seemed impossible he could die.

And now—now Antonia felt at once that all the sunshine had gone out of her world for ever.

Remorse, desolation, sorrow swept over her like an avalanche.

"I loved him! I loved him!" she wailed out, "and now he never will know it. Oh! how could I be so cold, so indifferent? I have been justly punished."

Just at this instant a step sounded without, and Mrs. Hartford found herself face to face with her husband.

"Lucius!"

"My own love."

Heart to heart, cheek to cheek, her golden hair swept by the warm touch of his jetty locks, they stood in the moment of reconciliation, and the brief silence was full of inscrutable bliss.

"[illegible]"

"My darling, it is I who should sue for pardon of you," murmured Dr. Hartford.

And he seriously and actually [illegible] it too.

It was not long before mutual explanations ensued.

Dr. Hartford had heard, before he reached the station, that the accident had happened on the up instead of the down line, and he immediately returned.

Scarcely, however, expecting to behold Antonia [illegible].

"You will not leave me again, Antonia?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"Never, Lucius, never! I have never felt so [illegible] you [illegible]."

"I [illegible] darling."

And when Mrs. Hartford, senior, called [illegible], she was [illegible] and [illegible] in the full ha, [illegible] of a second honey[illegible].

"How about the mutual agreement to a [illegible]?" [illegible].

And neither of them made it convenient to hear her.

* *

Not a Spasm of Coughing Since Using Compound Oxygen.

No writes a gentleman from Archie, Missouri, whose whole system was so run down that he was not able to do any kind of work. In a little over a month after commencing the Oxygen Treatment he made the following report:

"I have not had a spasm of coughing since the first time I inhaled the Oxygen. The 'utter goneness' when a little out of wind (I can't describe the feeling, but it was a most miserable one) also left me right away. You think my recovery will be slow; I am going to try and disappoint you.

"Three days after I lost my leg, six surgeons gave me till next day at noon to live. When my stump was almost well I got a terrible fall. Again the hospital surgeons said I could not live; but I am here yet. I can't say all right, but by the help of the Compound Oxygen I hope to be soon. Am much stronger, can stick all day at anything that is not too heavy."

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Our Young Folks.

BOB AND HIS PAN-PIPES.

BY HARLEY RICHARDS.

THUD! thud! thud!

"Hit him in the eye!"

"Knock the pipe out of his mouth!"

"Ha! ha! there goes his nose! I had him that time!"

These dreadful sounds seemed to say that some barbarous piece of cruelty was going on.

But the victim was only a snow-man, which the boys of Strappington School had set up in their playground.

Truth to tell, the snow-man did not like it much, but boys cannot be expected to understand the feelings of a snow-man, so he bore it very patiently, and when a snowball came in each eye, and a third in his mouth, he never spoke a word or flinched a muscle.

But how was Mr. Larrup, the schoolmaster, to know that it was only a snow-man? and what was more natural than that he should peep over the playground wall to see what was going on?

And how was little Ralph Ruddy to know that Mr. Larrup was there?

And what was more natural than that the snowball which was meant for the snow-man's pipe should hit the teacher on the nose?

Oh, the horror that seized upon the school at that dire event!

And the dead silence that reigned in that playground.

For those were the good old times when anything that went wrong was set right by a birch-rod.

And little Ralph Ruddy knew only too well what was coming when the schoolmaster seized him by the collar and drew him into the schoolroom.

The snow-man, of course, was left in the playground all alone.

He saw the boys troop indoors and heard angry words and some cries of pain, and saw poor little Ralph thrust out on the cold playground, and heard the door slam behind him.

He stared without once turning his head or blinking his eyes, while the little fellow sat on the snowy doorstep, with a hand on each eye.

And indeed the good snow-man himself felt half-inclined to cry, only the tears persisted in freezing before they got out of his eyes.

So he couldn't.

Then the bell rang, the boys came out, and among them Bob Hardy, the son of a poor farm-laborer.

"A cruel shame I call it," muttered Bob, "to whip a little chap like that, and then shut him out in the cold.

"I told him Ralph Ruddy never meant to do it, and then he caned me as well. A real brute I call him, and I'll pay him for it yet.

"I declare I'll break his bedroom windows this very night, and let him see how he likes the winter wind!"

And Bob meant just exactly what he said.

He climbed out of the cottage window when all were asleep, and made his way down to the schoolhouse by moonlight, with a pocketful of stones.

He climbed the wall of the playground, and stood there with his arm raised ready to throw.

Suddenly a voice startled him, in a sort of shivering whisper:

"Better, not, Bob!"

He looked around.

"Better wait a little!" repeated the voice.

Bob dropped the stone, and looked once more, but there was no one near him except the snow-man shining weirdly in the pale moonlight.

However, the words, whoever spoke them, set Bob to thinking, and, instead of breaking the windows he went home and got in bed.

That was in January, and when January was done February came, as it happens in most years.

February brought good fortune—at least Bob's mother said so, for she got a job of cleaning and scouring at the squire's, for which she was well paid.

It did not turn out so very well, though, after all, for the butler said she stole a spoon, and told the squire so.

And if the butler could have proved what he said, the squire would have sent her to prison.

He failed to prove this, so she got off; and Bob's mother declared the butler took it himself.

"All right," said Bob, "I'll try the strength of my new oak stick across that butler's back."

And he meant it, too, for that very evening he took his cudgel, and started for the big house.

And when he got there, the door stood open.

He walked in.

Now, there hung in the hall the portrait of a queer old lady in a stiff frill and a long body.

And when Bob entered the house, what should this old lady do but shake her head at him!

To be sure, there was only a flickering lamp in the entry, and Bob thought at first it must have been the draught and his own fancy, so he started on through the hall.

"Better not!" said the old lady; "better wait a little!"

"Why, they won't let me do anything!" grumbled Bob.

But he went home without thrashing the butler, all the same.

That was in February, you know.

Well, when February was done, March came, and with it came greater ill-fortune than ever.

Bob's father was driving his employer's horse and cart to market, when, what should jump out of the ditch but old Nanny Jones' donkey, an ugly beast, and enough to frighten any horse.

But what must the brute do on this occasion but set up a terrible braying, which sent Farmer Thornycroft's new horse nearly out of his wits, so that he backed the cart and all that was in it—including Bob's father, into the ditch.

And a pretty sight they looked there, for the horse was sitting where the driver ought to be, and Bob's father was seated, much against his wish, in a basket of eggs, with his legs sticking out on one side, and his head on the other.

Of course Farmer Thornycroft did not like to lose his eggs.

Who would?

Why, even the most obliging hens cannot be persuaded to lay an extra number in order to make up for those that are broken.

But for all that Farmer Thornycroft had no right to lay all the blame on Bob's father, and keep fifty cents back out of his wages.

A man is obliged to be quite economical when he has to keep a wife and growing family on seven dollars a week, and can seldom indulge in turtle soup or pastry at that figure.

But when you cut the seven down to six and half, it is very hard to make two ends meet.

So Bob's father protested, and that made Farmer Thornycroft angry.

And then, since fire kindles fire, Bob's father grew angry, too, and called the farmer a cruel brute.

So his employer dismissed him, and gave him no wages at all.

We can hardly be surprised that when Bob heard this he felt a trifle out of sorts, but the desire for vengeance which he felt could hardly be justified.

He went running over the fields, muttering:

"A cruel shame I call it, but I'll pay him for it; I mean to let his sheep out of the pen, and then I'll just go and tell him that I've done it."

Now, the field just before you come to Farmer Thornycroft's sheep-pen was sown with spring wheat, and they had put up a scarecrow there to frighten the birds away.

The scarecrow was very much down in the world—his coat had no buttons, and his hat had no brim, and his trousers had only one leg and a half—his well-to-do relations in the tailors' window would not have cared to meet him in the street at all.

But even the ragged and unfortunate have their feelings, and the scarecrow was truly sorry to see Bob scouring across the field in such a temper.

So just as Bob passed him, he flapped out him with one sleeve, and the boy stopped to see who it was.

"Only a scarecrow," said he, "blown about by the wind."

And he went on his way.

But as he went, strange to say, he heard, or thought he heard, a voice calling after him:

"Better not, Bob; better wait a little!"

So Bob went home again and never let the sheep astray after all, but he thought it very hard that he might not punish either the schoolmaster, or the butler, or the farmer.

Now, the folk that hide behind the shadows thought well of Bob for his self-restraint, and they determined that they would work for him and make all straight again.

So when Bob went down to the riverside next day, and took out his knife to cut some reeds for "whistle-pipes," Father Pan enchanted the reeds by breathing on them.

"What a breeze!" exclaimed Bob, as the breath went sighing through the sedge.

But he knew nothing at all of what had in reality happened.

Bob finished his pan-pipes and trudged along and whistled on them to his heart's content.

When he got to the village he was surprised to see a little girl begin to dance to his tune, and then another little girl, and then another.

Bob was so astonished that he left off playing and stood looking at them wonderingly.

But as he stopped playing, the little girls ceased to dance.

And as soon as they recovered their breath they began to beg him not to play again, for the whistle-pipes, they were sure, must be bewitched.

"Oh, ho!" cried the boy, "here's a pretty game! I'll just give old Larrup a turn; come! that will not do him any harm, at any rate."

Strange to say, at that very moment old Larrup, the schoolmaster, came along the street.

"Tweedle, tweedle!" went the pan-pipes, and away went the teacher's legs, cutting such capers as the world had never seen before.

Gaily trudged Bob along the street, and gaily (too gaily by half) danced the master.

The people gazed from their windows and roared with laughter, while old Larrup begged Bob to cease playing.

"No, no!" answered Bob; "I saw you make little Ralph Ruddy dance with pain. It is your turn now."

Just then the squire's butler came down the street.

Of course he was much puzzled to see so grave a person as Mr. Larrup dancing to the sound of a boy's whistle. But he was presently still more surprised to find himself doing the same thing.

He tried with all his might to retain his stately gait.

But it was all of no use; his legs flew up in spite of himself, and away he went behind the teacher, following Bob all through the village.

The best sight was yet to be seen.

The tyrannical Farmer Thornycroft was just then walking home from market in a great heat, with a big sample of corn in each of his side-pockets, and turning suddenly round a corner, went right into the middle of the strange procession, and caught the infection in a moment.

Up flew his great fat legs, and away he went, pitching and tossing, and jumping and twirling, and jigging up and down like an elephant in a fit, while the fings of corn on either side banged about, and hit him in the ribs and thighs.

How the people laughed, to be sure, standing in their doorways, and viewing the queer trio!

It was good for them that they did not come any nearer, or they would have been seized with the fit as well.

The teacher was nearly fainting, the butler was in despair, and the perspiration fell from the farmer's face.

But that made very little difference to Bob.

He had promised himself to take them for a dance all around the village, and he did it.

And, at length, when he had completed the tour, he stopped for just one minute, and asked the teacher whether he would beg Ralph Ruddy's pardon, and the teacher said he would if only Bob would leave off [illegible].

Then he asked the farmer if he would take his father back and pay him his wages; and the farmer said he would.

And finally, he asked the butler if he would give up the spoon that he had stolen, and confess to the squire that Bob's mother had nothing to do with it, but the butler said

"Oh, no indeed!"

So Bob began to play, and they all began to dance again, till at length the teacher and farmer both punched the butler until he promised.

Then Bob stopped.

The three poor men went home in a terrible plight.

Old Larrup begged little Ralph's pardon, the butler cleared the stain from the poor woman's character, Bob's father went back to work, and Farmer Thornycroft soon afterwards took Bob on too; and he made the best farm-boy that ever lived.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—The traveler [illegible] saw [illegible] and [illegible] the boys, but the old males [illegible] with [illegible], and [illegible] all the females had ascended the heights, excepting a young one about six months old, which loudly calling for aid climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded.

One of the largest of the males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him and triumphantly led him away, the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack. On another occasion an eagle seized a young monkey, which, by clinging on to a branch, was not carried off at once. It cried loudly for help; upon which the other members of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer considered his prey, but how to escape.

A CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—An Asiatic king was defeated in battle, taken prisoner, and conveyed to a very small house. On the following morning he asked for breakfast, and a piece of raw meat was handed to him by a soldier of the guard. This the king was expected to cook for himself. He placed the meat before the fire, whereupon a dog, attracted by the savory smell, rushed into the house, and ran off with it. The king burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Asked by the officer of the guard the reason of this singular behavior, his majesty replied: "I may well laugh. Yesterday morning, according to what my chief cook told me, two hundred camels were not sufficient to carry my provisions, and now a single dog has taken away all I have in his mouth.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage hire. [illegible] to this Depot. RATES. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1. and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. [illegible] to those of [illegible] at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

THE CUSTOMS OF LOVE.

SOME curious courting customs prevail in Africa.

In one tribe of Eastern Africa it is regarded as the highest gallantry for the lover to parade before the hut of his inamorata astride of a huge boar.

Mungo Park tells of a tribe in the interior where custom compels a woman to carry a calabash of water to the man who has expressed a preference for her.

Seated on a mat before his door he washes his hands in the vessel, and then the woman drinks the water as a token of her affection.

Less repulsive was the act of the lover among the ancient Persians who burned his hand or cheek to prove his devotion and then showed it to his lady love.

If she was "within" she bound the injured part with a silken scarf; but if obdurate she sent the man to the physician for healing salve.

Among the Moravians it was the custom for the minister to select wives for the men of his congregation.

If a "sister" had any objection to the "brother" selected for her life partner she was permitted to state it, but it was generally overruled by the priest's eloquence. Strange to say, the historian tells us that these marriages were generaly happy.

In Greenland, the services of the pastor of his flock are also called in.

A man who has made up his mind that his worldly circumstances warrant him in indulging in what has been called "the abstract desire of every man to furnish board and lodging to some young lady, and has decided which young lady" he wishes to be taxed for, calls on the reverend father, and states the case.

The inquiry is made whether the girl knows of the suit, to which the man replies that he has some preliminary love-making, which was not very kindly received, but adds—

"Thou knowest the ways of mankind."

In Greenland, be it remarked, it is an accepted fact in social philosophy that a woman's no means yes.

The priest calls upon the young woman and pleads the case of her lover, assuring her that he is a good man: that he catches many seals, etc.

It is the custom for the woman to reject all proposals at first, but to yield at last an unwilling assent.

If the priest thinks she is too obstinate, he generally remarks—

"Ah, well, it is no matter; I can easily find another woman who will have such a good provider," and turns to leave, which action brings the stubborn maiden to terms at once.

In the south of Ireland, there is a custom known as "shrafting," the name being derived from Shrove Tuesday, the day on which it is held.

On that day all the marriageable young people of both sexes are marshaled on the village green by the parents, the girls in all the glories of Sunday gowns and gay ribbons, as lovely as fresh-blown roses, evidently enjoying their blushes, and the young men, also in their best attire, looking as foolish as only the male human can look on exhibition.

The two sexes are stationed in line apart from each other, and the parents pass between to vouchsafe proposals or to receive them, and to haggle over marriage portions.

The preferences of the young people are fully understood by the elders, and commendable effort is made to gratify them, the main object of the parents being to secure as good a set-out as possible for the young couples.

PUTTING THINGS AWAY.—A recent writer has compared the ways of men and women: Man puts things out of the way whenever the necessity of so doing presents itself to him. [illegible] pair of boots make [illegible] obvious; there are more discarded collars on the mantle than propriety could dictate, and the mixture of cigar ashes, clothes brushes and gloves on his table has reached a stage of confusion which displeases him. He resolves to put things in order and put out of the way whatever is plainly adapted to the process.

Accordingly he crowds the superfluous boots under the sofa, thrusts smaller articles of personal apparel into the bureau drawers empties the cigar ashes and bits of waste paper behind his desk, and thus quietly sets his room in order. The result of this process is eminently satisfactory. Not only has he put things out of the way, but he is in position to find them again as soon as he wants them. The sofa stands faithfully on guard over the boots, and he can at any time poke them out with a cane. The discarded collars, the gloves, the pipes, and the various small articles thrown into the bureau drawers remain there, and the ashes and waste paper could be exhumed from the desk were there any possible demand for them to arise.

The man who puts things out of the way can always lay his hand upon them. He [illegible] track of them. They never pass out of his possession, or, what is virtually the same thing, out of his memory. Of course, this masculine process of putting things out of the way excites the derision of woman. She claims that it is the worst form and last expression of disorder. To put things away, in the art as practiced by women, is equivalent to entirely losing them or most completely. The desire to put things away amounts in most women to a passion.

SOWER AND REAPER.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

All through the long drear days,
When Autumn rains fell from the cold gray sky,
And withered leaves in the harsh gust flew by,
He trod the beaten ways.

The bare red furrows spread
In narrowing lines across the upland chill,
The wan mists crept adown the naked hill,
Where no flow'r raised its head.

Patient and bent and sad,
Each day he came and sowed the seed he brought;
From earliest morn to latest night he wrought,
And yet no guerdon had.

The long, long Winter crept
Away; but, while the new-awakened earth
Sent her larks up the azure, mad with mirth,
He sowed still, and wept—

Tears that made heaven dim
With their sharp rain; for, lo, the land was bright
With beauty, yet long toil from morn to night
Had brought no fruit to him!

O'er the blue hills he came,
Expectant of a country dry and bare;
But, rich-swelling corn-fields smiling fair,
Edged with a colored flame

Of flowers in the sun,
That laughed and flung their odors to the breeze,
What time the quick fruit ripened on the trees!
The sowing had been done.

Within his grasp the scythe
Flashed as it swept the plenteous harvest down;
And the fair flow'rs he wove him for a crown,
Set on his forehead blithe.

And all the world with praise
Greeted the golden sheaves the reaper brought,
Forgetful of the patient hand that wrought
So long through past sad days.

The sower was at rest,
The worn limbs still, the tired eyes closed for aye;
He never saw the glory of this day—
And yet he too was blest!

THE MIND AND BODY.

ALEXANDER the Great behaved like a lunatic in the latter days of his reign, and the supposition is plausible that if he had survived a few years longer he might have become a most implacable and capricious tyrant. From being very abstemious he gave himself up to dissipation. His lust for power became a disease, and he strove for gigantic impossibilities.

Robespierre and some of the other leaders in the French Revolution, were probably made more or less insane by the exciting events in which they took part. It is certain that Robespierre was originally kind-hearted and considerate, for he began life by endeavoring to procure the abolition of capital punishment.

Louis XI of France, was insane, both in his despotic cruelty and his caprices. He shut up his nobles in cages, or hung them on the trees of the forest. He lived in constant fear of death, kept in seclusion in his castle, was on intimate terms with his hangman, amused himself by watching battles between cats and rats, drank the blood of young children, and tried various and abominable compounds in order to lengthen his life.

King Frederick of Prussia, without any reason whatever, treated his son and sister for a long time with the most unnatural and brutal severity.

He kicked them about the room, pommeled their heads with chairs, compelled them to eat the most repulsive food, and in every way made their lives wretched. His insanity, in this respect, was absolute, and should have sent him to the mad-house. But his unnatural and whimsical treatment of his family was only one of the symptoms of his insanity.

He was inconsistently avaricious, scrutinizing every household expense with absurd attention, and lavishing fortunes on his army of giants. He would run through the streets caning the loungers and workmen who fell in his way until they cried for mercy.

Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and in various ways gave evidence of a morbid condition of the brain. At the early age of twenty he became the victim of melancholic delusions, and from that time forward was never happy. On one occasion he exclaimed, despairingly:

"I would consent to have an arm amputated to recover my spirits."

Wretchedness like this, when it is temporary or spasmodic, may signify but little; but when it is persistent and life-long, it must be regarded as the symptom of cerebral disease, that may, and often does, advance to absolute madness. The violent impetuosity of Dr. Johnson, his unreasonable, furious prejudices, may be accounted for on the same theory.

Pascal was one of the most original thinkers of France, but no inmate of any asylum ever presented more indisputable proofs of mental disease than those which characterized his whole career.

All his life he walked in darkness, knowing not at what he stumbled, in constant fear both of the present and the future. He was the victim of absurd delusions, was harassed by excessive nervousness, and was the slave of uncontrollable eccentricities. On examination after death his brain was found to be seriously diseased.

The gifted poet Collins was at times a sad and moaning lunatic.

The eccentricities and melancholy of Lord Byron were probably the uncontrollable manifestations of disease, and during his short and brilliant career he gave sufficient evidence of insanity.

Nothing seems clearer than that the irritability, hypochondria and meanness of Alexander Pope were the results of organic cerebral conditions which he could no more control than he could remedy his physical deformity.

"I shall die at the top first," ejaculated Dean Swift, as he sadly gazed on a tree whose branches were decaying and he realized his terrible prediction. He was more or less insane during all his active life.

Tasso was a positive maniac, and, like many other unbalanced geniuses, believed that he was always attended with a familiar spirit.

Madame de Stael had a masculine and powerful intellect, but she was a slave to idle fears and silly eccentricities that in ordinary persons would certainly have been regarded as symptoms of disease of the brain.

Cardinal Richelieu was subject to maniacal attacks, during which he lost all his self-control and behaved like a silly child. When the attack was over, he had no recollection of what had passed.

Grains of Gold.

Every ladder has a top round to it.

Indulge always in a benevolent forgetfulness of self.

Compliments cost nothing, yet many pay dear for them.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

A broken friendship may be soldered, but never will be sound.

Oh, how seldom the soul is silent in order that God may speak.

Discontents arise from our desires oftener than from our wants.

Our characters we make, our reputations are often made for us.

A thief passes for a gentleman when stealing has made him rich.

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter ours will be.

It is no disgrace to be bit by a dog the first time, but the second time it is.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

We never injure our own characters so much as when we attack those of others.

Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes, keep from thine eyes the motes and beams.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to deny the offices of humanity.

Many men have just enough faith to make them miserable, but not enough to make them hopeful.

Not to enjoy one's youth, when one is young, is to imitate the miser who starves beside his treasures.

It is the strongest possible argument to our immortality that nine of every ten human beings believe in it.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Don't forget, my snobbish friend that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you cannot bury yourself, either.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.

Femininities.

We find beauty in itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment.

Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.

If a falseness paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

A mother-in-law is not a heavenly body, but she has been known to eclipse a honeymoon.

Where the women are largely in the majority, men are apt to become very timid and bashful.

Because a woman "figures in society," it is no sign that she knows the multiplication table.

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

A Parisian ladies' rowing club has challenged a gentlemen's club for a six-oared barge race.

All of the literary women of America write poetry, but not that proportion of them spank babies.

The most pronounced old maid generally writes the profoundest essays on how to bring up children.

Love, that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.

Advice to wives: Man is very much like an egg: keep him in hot water, and he is bound to become hardened.

The error of certain women is to imagine that, to acquire distinction, they must imitate the manners of men.

It is with certain good qualities as with senses—those who are entirely deprived of them, cannot understand them.

A woman who studies to appear, rather than be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex.

An innocent Omaha girl, who saw an organ-grinder's monkey for the first time, exclaimed: "Is that thing one of them orfs esthetes we read about?"

Painting blue veins on ladies' temples and wrists is one of the latest freaks of fashion in London. A peculiar kind of blue paste is used in the operation.

Louisville gives notice that she will have none of the Mother Hubbard dressed women upon her streets, and that the law will be enforced by arrest and fine.

It is a time-honored custom in Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly-married woman by firing a cannon. This is to remind them that the battle of life has fairly begun.

A banana-eating contest between a young man and a young woman at Montezuma, Ga., recently, was won by the former, who ate 20 bananas to the other contestant's 18.

A young lady in Lancaster county, this State, nearly lost her life recently, through an illness caused by constantly moistening the end of an indelible lead-pencil with her tongue.

A man never gets thoroughly disgusted with love's young dream until he has given a girl a ring, and three days afterwards discovers that she has been to a jeweler's to ascertain what it is really worth.

An aged lady living in Mississippi is making what she calls a literary quilt, to be exhibited at the Exposition. Each square is to have upon it the autograph, in indelible ink, of some distinguished writer.

A question for puzzle-solvers: "In waltzing with a young lady not over seventeen, pretty, and one of the never-get-dizzy sort, does the young man go around the lady, or does the young lady go around the young man?"

"How in the world did they come to name you Susannah?" asked Mrs. Black. "Really, I don't know how precisely," replied the young lady, very demurely, "but I suspect it was because I happened to be a girl."

Hugo Schenck, the Viennese wholesale murderer of servant girls, related his monstrous crimes with well-modulated voice in neat phrases, and with a constant smile. One of his intended victims testified in his defense, and then staggered to the dock to kiss his hand.

One reason, undoubtedly, why the young man awaits the boating season with so much impatience, is that he can take his girl sailing, and repeat the old, old conundrum, "Shall I bag the shore?" expecting the delicious answer, "If there isn't anything nearer than that which will answer the purpose."

It doesn't make any difference when a woman visiting a lady friend jumps up off her chair and says: "Oh, dear me, I must go; I left the children all alone," and throws on her bonnet and shawl; that doesn't prevent her from stopping out in the cold at the front door and talking half an hour with the lady of the house.

The editor of a scientific monthly asks for correct drawings of a "Tornado at Work." A man who went home the other night and found his wife reading a letter signed "your own Julia," which she found in his inside coat pocket, has made a sketch of the "subsequent proceedings," which he will send to the scientific editor.

Again, a Valentine might be the first person upon whom a young lady gazed on Valentine's morn. We heard an old tale of a lady who was so determined to choose the right one, that she shut herself up in her room till the young gentleman she really liked was in the house. He was accordingly regarded as her partner for life.

A good woman knows the power she has in shaping the lives of her children, and she endeavors to use that power wisely and well. She teaches her boys and girls that they must be brave in doing their duty, truthful in speech and action, honest and honorable, kind, cheerful, and useful. By her own good example she enforces and illustrates what she teaches.

News Notes.

In England a "drummer" is called a bagman.

Four churches in Montreal now use the electric light.

The names of New York benevolent societies fill a volume of 300 pages.

A Spiritualist Temple, to cost $250,000, is being erected in the Back Bay Region of Boston.

Over one hundred persons have been killed in Colorado by snowslides during the past winter.

A machine that makes seventy-two pretzels a minute is said to be run by a Lancaster county man.

A pair of sparrows have built their nest in a pocket of Shakespeare's statue, in Central Park, N. Y.

Two slaves, formerly owned by Jeff. Davis, now own his plantation, for which they paid $300,000.

A young Lowell, Mass., housekeeper claims to feed seven people well on twenty-five dollars a month.

Ten years ago there was but one woman employed as a stenographer. Now there are nearly one thousand.

A night school has been established at Sing Sing Prison by the warden, who has 94 convicts under tuition.

A Springfield, Mass., woman is suing her mother-in-law for ten thousand dollars damages for alleged slander.

An Ohio postmaster's name is Emancipation Proclamation Cogswell. He was born on the day the proclamation was issued.

The Women's Medical College of Chicago has just granted 21 diplomas to young women, entitling them to practice as physicians.

Mrs. Catharine Baker, of Taylorsville, Va., who has just entered upon her 100th year, takes from six to eight cups of coffee a day.

Secretary Round, of the Prison Association, is quoted as saying that there are now 50,000 persons locked up in New York for wrong-doing.

At the wedding feast furnished by the Rao of Cutch, in India, two days were consumed, together with enough edibles for 70,000 people.

An old church at State Hill, N. Y., stands just as it was built 103 years ago, and in it are used the same Bible and psalm book used by the first pastor.

During the past twelve months 650,000 pounds of unwholesome and adulterated teas have been seized and condemned at the port of New York.

The money expended by Americans for the purchase of pictures in France within the last twenty years amounts to 200,000,000 francs, or $40,000,000.

The farmers near Tolono, Ill., it is said, have dug a number of wells, striking natural gas, with which they do their cooking, and heat and light their houses.

Holding a cartridge between her fingers, Julia Pegg, of St. Louis, began experimenting with a lighted match. The explosion cost her two fingers and a thumb.

An ingenious Connecticut husband, Mr. James Dawson, has invented a new way to spite Connecticut wives. He put his own wife's right eye out to disfigure her.

The word "cops," as applied to policemen, is said to have originated from the copper badges they were first given to wear, under Fernando Wood, in New York.

A new vocation for women has been adopted by two widows of Reading, this State, who support their families by breaking stone, being paid at the rate of 35 cents a ton.

An exchange mentions the case of an unfortunate who, a few days ago broke both arms by falling through a stable floor. Two years ago he lost both legs by a railroad accident.

There seems to be room for a few girls in Illinois. According to the report of Superintendent of Schools, there appears to be a superfluity of about 19,000 boys under 21 years of age.

A towel, folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

A family living in Pottsville, this State, is noted for the fact that four of its members each had a wooden leg, viz., the mother and son, now living, and the father and another son, both dead.

The Wurtemberg Minister of the Interior has issued an order instructing the police authorities that nobody under sixteen years of age is to be allowed to dance in places of public amusement.

Mutilated coin—clipped, drilled and "sweated," is said to pass almost as current as the perfect in China, and American punched and otherwise defaced silver has found its way there.

Chicago has one liquor saloon to every 25 families, which is more than thirteen times the number of bakers, and nearly six times the number of butchers. The grocers number one to every 39 families.

Courtesy and attentiveness to old gentlemen have been at a premium in Braintree, Vt., where a young man has just received a bequest of $5,000 from an old gentleman, a stranger, to whom he did a chance favor a few years ago.

A citizen of Chelsea, Mass., who weighs 423 pounds, wishes to get a pension, basing his claim for the same on the fact that his superfluous avoirdupois is the result of an attack of malarial fever which he had during his service in the late war.

England's nobility are gradually becoming patrons of the new art of "wheeling." Earl Granville may be seen almost any day riding his tricycle from Walmer Castle to Deal, and the Prince of Wales makes occasional journeys on a bicycle.

The Young Widow.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you one minute?" said Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms, Mrs. Dale," said the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk.

"Two good months you've occupied 'em, and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money.

"Not as I would have hurried you, ma'am," with a half-relenting glance towards Theodora's deep mourning garment, "while the poor major lay ill, nor yet while he was bein' buried, but ——"

Theodora looked pained.

The deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and expect remittances very shortly, which ——"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips.

"I've heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she. "All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible."

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodora, her cheeks becoming even hotter than before.

And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady, she let her head fall on her clasped hands and burst into tears.

Tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months.

She had been a schoolgirl of only seventeen at Madame Bonmerci's establishment, when Major Lionel Dale saw and admired her.

He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle-like eyes scarlet lips, and blue-black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned in an incidental sort of way, that she was an orphan, training, at the expense of Madame Bonmerci herself for a governess.

"Hang it!" said Major Dale, "she's too pretty for that. I'll marry her."

Little Theodora Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with her dolls, and was heartily sick of Madame Bonmerci's exactions on the one side, and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, was half-frightened, half-pleased when the handsome, middle-aged major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young," she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other on her cheeks.

"You are the prettiest little half-bloom rosebud in the world," the major made answer, gallantly.

Madame Bonmerci spoke a word or so of warning to her.

"My child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles.

"It is true that your life, now, is a hard one, but——"

"I shall marry him," retorted Theodora.

And she did.

At the end of the three months, Major Dale's favorite horse ran away with him and killed him, and Theodora, not yet eighteen, was left a widow.

Naturally enough she wrote to her husband's relations, whom she had never seen and now, upon this October evening, she was expecting an answer to the letter.

The color mounted to her face as the postman paused under the window.

She caught the letter from his hands and tore it eagerly open.

It contained nothing but her own letter, returned to her, with these words pencilled across the envelope—

"Mr. Chandos Dale's, compliments to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage, and he is confidently of opinion that her talents in the husband-hunting line need no assistance."

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent.

She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives much, generally avoiding the subject when she broached it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress, who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage.

She had long ere this discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never dreamed how selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertions.

She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweller, and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present—for probably about one-third of its worth.

With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," said the old lodging-house keeper, "but what be you a going to do now?"

"I'm going to give music lessons," said Theodora.

She had a full, fresh voice, like a lark's, and she knew that she could make this one gift of God a bread-winner.

"It will be a life of drudgery," she told herself, "but I would starve sooner than apply again to the Dales for assistance."

And the years crept by, and the seventeen-year-old widow who stormed the citadel of fortune so bravely, won the day.

"Signora Theodora Dalli. No, I haven't heard her yet," said Mr. Chandos Dale, indifferently.

"But they say she is the best 'Marguerite' we have yet had, and I have sent to secure a box for to-morrow night."

Signora Dalli was in her best voice that night, when Chandos Dale, her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium-box.

And the half-blown bud of five years ago had ripened, by this time, into the full-blown rose of loveliness.

Her blue-black hair floated like a jetty, glimmering veil of brightness down her shoulders; her eyes shone like midnight stars, while the radiant pink and white of her cheeks owed none of its beauty to cosmetic arts.

And Mr. Chandos Dale, sitting there, with intent eyes, and an artist's soul, all alive to the flute-like richness of her voice, thought she was simply the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The mayor of the city where the signora was singing had a little private reception in her honor, after the opera was over.

Chandos Dale, of course, was among the invited guests, and then Signora Dalli knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him," said Theodora to herself, smiling a curious smile. "And I shall take care to retain it."

Just a month afterwards Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful signora his wife.

"Are you really in love with me?" said the signora, opening wide her almond-shaped eyes, where the jetty fires seemed to burn with sleepy lustre. "With me—an opera singer?"

And Chandos, about as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the nature of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she didn't have him at once.

"Put it in writing," said Signora Theodora Dalli, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"It is my fancy."

"Your will is my law," protested Mr. Dale.

So he wrote a very pretty and poetic declaration of love upon tinted paper, and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at a private hotel.

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset, with its pencilled bit of sarcasm, and under it written—

"The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the enclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos Dale farewell."

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter.

She had conquered her own fortune now.

She was indebted to no one; and the next month she was married to a young English gentleman who had followed her bright eyes half over the continents, while Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.

LITERARY WHIMSICALITIES.—A whole history might be written on literary trifling or the various whimsicalities with which literary men have amused their leisure hours. Greek poets used to divert their friends by composing poems from which particular letters were excluded. One of these lypogrammatists wrote an imitation of Homer's "Odyssey" in as many books as there were letters in the Greek alphabet. He called the first Alpha, because there was not an Alpha in it; the second Beta, because that letter was omitted, and so on through the rest.

A Latin Monk, for want of something better to do, wrote a little prose work, of which a part still remains.

It has as many chapters as there are letters in the Latin alphabet, the first chapter is without an "a," the second has no "b," and so on through the rest. There are said to be still extant five novels of Lope de Vega, from each one of which he excluded some particular letter.

These heroic authors seemed determined to prove that they could get along without the alphabet, and taking up each letter in turn, triumphantly showed it that they could transact their business without its assistance.

On the other hand, there have been literary triflers who manifested unusual fondness for some particular letter. An Italian monk named Hugbald wrote a book, stupid enough no doubt, in which every word began with a "c." There is also another brainless production of the same age, entitled "Pogna Porcorum," of which every word begins with a "p." Gregorio, to amuse his friends at Rome, wrote a discourse from which he excluded the letter "r," and when a friend asked for a copy he replied in a letter in which not an "r" was to be found.

BOASTING.—The author of "John Bull and his Island" calls attention to the amusing fact that the Spanish work *Aablar*, which means "to speak," gives France the word *Aabler*, meaning "to boast"; while the French *parler* gives the Spanish their *parlar*, which also signifies to speak boastfully. Here is true reciprocity in bragging.

ONLY A WORD.

"I wrote you, dear, a month ago,
Yet no reply to me came back;
Do answer this, sweet Stella. Oh!
No longer keep me on the rack.
My pen, that' prone, fails to rehearse
How much of burning love and ache
Dwells in my breast. Oh, dear disperse
This dire suspense, or else you'll break
This constant heart. I'm in despair,
So, darling, turn your thoughts to me.
Like dainty music on the air
Would be one single word from thee.'

It came—her welcome hand he traced,
And wondering much the joy in store,
With hopeful heart 'ts contents faced;
It bore the one word, "spliced!"—no more.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Why do sheep resemble fast young men? Because they curl up and dye.

Of what parts of speech are storekeepers most anxious to dispose? Articles.

Why should a spider appear to have wings? Because he often takes a fly.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Both fail to get rich.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find you are better off.

You can cure Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator never fails. $1.; 6 for $5., by druggists.

Why is Satan a gentleman? Being an imp-of-darkness, he cannot be imp-o'-lite.

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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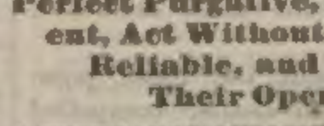

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New Publications.

Lothrop & Co., Boston, have begun the issue of the Young Folks Library of which one number will be issued monthly at twenty-five cents per number. It will be made up of the choicest literature for children, and issued in the well known excellent style of this house. The first issue is "Tip Lewis and His Lamp" by the popular author Pansy. It is a fine story in every sense for the young of both sexes containing a useful moral, while being natural without mawkishness.

MAGAZINES.

Those fond of flowers and the garden will find in *Vick's Illustrated Floral Monthly Magazine* a most useful and entertaining publication. It is always filled with excellent matter. James Vick, Publisher, N. Y. $1,25 per year.

St. Nicholas for May begins a new volume. J. T. Trowbridge begins a new serial story of the strange adventures of a young naturalist, entitled The Scarlet Tanager: Maurice Thompson also begins a six months' serial called Marvin and His Boy Hunters; and Mayne Reid's thrilling story, The Land of Fire, is concluded. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes an article with the suggestive title, Supporting Herself. Chas. G. Leland has an instructive paper on Leather Work; The Philopena is a quaint story by Frank R. Stockton; and there is a pathetic story by A. G. Plympton of The River-end Mereys' Rab. Louisa M. Alcott's fifth Spinning-wheel Story is called Little Things, and E. S. Brooks tells of another Historic Boy—Olaf of Norway: The Boy Viking. There are poems and verses, some capital things in the departments, and many excellent illustrations. The Century Co., New York.

The May *Century* has an unusually lengthy table of contents. It opens with a frontispiece portrait of Chief Joseph, the Nez-Perce, whose character and valor are picturesquely described by Lieut. C. E. S. Wood. The illustrated papers of the number are, The Salem of Hawthorne by Julian Hawthorne. The Bay of Islands, in Calm and Storm. Recent Architecture in America; and an important archæological paper on the Metopes of the Parthenon. The fiction includes the first chapters of Henry James' new three part story, Lady Barbarina; the seventh part of Mr. Cable's, Dr. Sevier; another installment of Robert Grant's, An Average Man, and an illustrated short story entitled Rose Madder. There are several timely essays, such as Trades-unionism in England by Thomas Hughes; The Woman of the Beehive; an article on Mormon women, by Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.); British Fertility, by John Burroughs; and On the Training of Parents, a brief satire by Frank R. Stockton. Topics of the Time and Open Letters present their usual variety, and will be turned to first by many readers. The poetry is furnished by a dozen different contributors. This number begins a new volume, and is marked by all the vigor, variety and freshness of its predecessors. The Century Co. New York.

TRIMMING ELEPHANTS' FEET.—Lately four men were occupied all day in Boston trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year—once on the road, once in the fall and once in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toenails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then the operator with a knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot.

Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed.

Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work up into the leg and producing a festering sore. A large nail was found lately in Pallis' foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. The doctor extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth.

Pallis apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief.

He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks. After paring the foot each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its setting of polished nails.

It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that men have to do.

"I DON'T think much of that," said a waiter scornfully, as he picked up a two cent piece given him by a customer. "Neither do I," replied the customer, "otherwise I shouldn't have given it to you!"

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Facetiæ.

When is a sheep like ink? When you take it into the pen.

The male eel is smaller than the female, but he is just as slippery.

However good a cigar may be, some time or other it meets its match.

Large sales testify the merit of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease. Price $1, at druggists.

Never loan your roller skates. That makes them a wheel-borrow.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, *Flotonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable Itching of the Scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of Scald Head; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lovelaceville, Ky.*, of Tetter Sores; MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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One set 6 Handsome Chain Border, Silver Steel Spoons Perfect imitation of Coin Silver, very durable, will not tarnish. Send 24 cents in stamps to pay the postage, packing, &c., and agree to show the spoons and act as agent for our Silver Ware, and we will send you free of charge, a set of 6 spoons in a nice casket, and our 50 page book telling how you can make from $5 to $5 a day. Money refunded if not satisfactory. HARCOOK & CO., Centerbrook, Ct.

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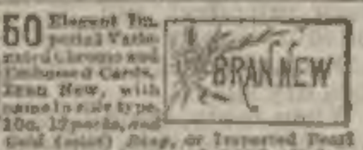

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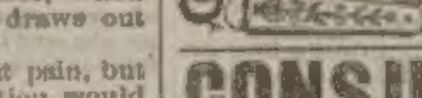

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O Fred, tell them to Stop!
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Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
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Hardly Ever.
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Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

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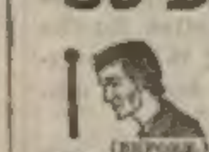

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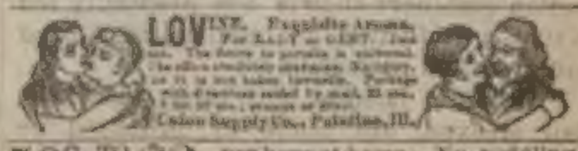

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SPRING FANCIES.

BROCADED woolen materials in shaded tints are those employed in preference to all others this spring.

They have been introduced this season in a number of fascinating combinations.

Ladies who follow fashions but timidly will select woolen fabrics, brocaded in self colors in such shades as peacock or gendarme-blue, prune nut-brown, almond, moss-green and Florence bronze.

Those who prefer a somewhat more fanciful style will choose combinations of color such as rusk and dark blue, olive and garnet-red, old gold and myrtle-green, orange and bronze and so on.

For morning and traveling costumes the newest models are in camel's-hair fabrics. A pretty variety of these are in wide stripes over a beige, mushroom, iron or blush-gray ground.

They are made up into tunics, with the skirt of plain material to match; or else the skirt and tunic of self-colored material, and the mantle, with tight-fitting back and ample Russian sleeves, of the striped fabric.

Another tissue in thick diagonal ribs, with bright-colored stripes, called le voyageur, will be employed for the same purposes as the camel's-hair fabrics.

A new style of Indian cloth, called Delhi, also presents fresh and pretty combinations of colors in small or medium checks.

Associated with self-colored material matched to one of its colors, Indian cloth composes charming toilettes for young ladies.

Combined with self-colored silk it makes up very elegant costumes, which young ladies can wear to be present at a wedding, a morning fete or concert, and even a dinner party.

Silk gauzes are made this year either in wide stripes or very small checks; they are used in combination with self-colored silk gauzes to match.

The same may be said of Indian veiling in small frizzly patterns, such as circles, ovals, crescents, triangles, and so on, scattered all over a light ground.

The fabrics are new and very pretty.

Indian veiling embroidered in silk, is one of the most lovely fabrics of the season.

It shows a great variety of patterns and colors.

Some of the most effective are grey, embroidered with faded pink; golden acorns over a blue ground; coral patterns over a mushroom ground; pale pink, embroidered with ruby red; brown with gold color; buff with red, or pale blue with beige.

This embroidered veiling can be used either with plain silk or plain woolen tissues.

Another variety of veiling also deserves to be mentioned; it is glace veiling, shot of two colors.

Of plain veiling, that known by the name of Hindoo is the finest and best quality.

Plain woolen muslin is the most elegant of cheap materials and the most useful for summer dresses.

In black this woolen muslin, which may be worn without a silk underslip, forms the lightest of mourning toilettes for the summer; black canvas veiling is also suitable for mourning; it is very easy to embroider in tent-stitch.

For half mourning a pretty pattern can be worked in two shades of violet, or else in violet, white and grey silk.

Canvas veiling is also to be had in all colors, but more especially in neutral shades, such as gray, beige, mushroom, buff, cream, slate, or almond colors, upon which patterns and borders can be worked in brighter tints.

Light Indian cashmere remains one of the best and most popular materials for demi-toilette dresses, even in summer; it is frequently combined with fancy woolens brocaded with silk, and even with brocaded velvet.

Spring and summer mantles are not by any means exclusively black this season, as they have been for some years past.

The fashion of making mantles out of Indian cashmere shawls has gradually led to the introduction of mantles of colored and brocaded materials.

Visites and jackets, with large wide Russian sleeves, are made of brocaded or striped material to match with a dress of self-colored tissue; sometimes, as hinted in a former letter, the mantle is merely simulated over the skirt, the whole forming an elegant walking costume; but great taste is required in the harmonising of tints for such costumes; the same combinations are made in black, brocaded black satin or grenadine being used with plain Ottoman or sicilienne.

Buttons, whether of passementerie, smoked pearl, metal or enamel, are worn very small, round, and placed very close together.

New visities are made with a puff or plaits behind, which may be of different material, such as broche velvet with terry velvet for the side and shoulder pieces.

Dark red and brown is fashionable for such mantles; the red may be of crepe de chene or of camel's hair and the brown a border of ostrich feathers or of beaver fur.

Princess polonaises of plain velvet are made with full plaits in the back and pointed basque in front.

This delays advantageously the front of a skirt of broche velvet, or a satin skirt that has rows of sable fur down the front.

Muslin delaine, a fabric resembling mull veiling, will be a very popular material the coming season, and beautiful patterns are already shown, the delicate grounds strewn with gay flowers and foliage in exquisite tintings.

These figured materials are made up with plain Ottomans of merveilleux, and form exceedingly stylish and becoming toilets.

Nonpareil velveteen has been put to the test for several seasons, and has proved its excellence.

It is extensively used for making costumes, long coats or paletots and princess dresses.

An elegant street costume is made of seal brown nonpareil velveteen, with trimmings of chenille.

The design is simply a tight-fitting redingote with small panniers and long-plaited undraped back.

Kiltings, plaited flounces, panels wrinkled, apron tunics, panniers laid in soft folds over the hips and carried back to form the waterfall drapery in the back; Grecian drapings, the graceful Watteau styles so becoming to slender women, and full-trimmed plastrons and tabliers, high-standing fraises and guimpes, together with magnificent fabrics and gorgeous coloring, are each and all fashions to be followed this spring.

The fashion, of Quaker-like simplicity, however yet remains: and rigid plainness provided the drape and fit are perfect, is allowable upon all occasions, provided it has that certain indescribable air of art and finish about it which belongs to any successful toilet, however elaborate or however simple.

The new sateens, batistes and zephyrs are in lovely combinations of the old and new favorite shades of color, misty, rosy gray shades pervading nearly all the combinations along with the new reds, pinks, blues, greens, browns and lizards, champignone and cressons.

The new light wool travers (that's the new name for Ottomans), the diagonals, basket-woven, armure, Venetian and Jacquard woven woolens in all their new effects and colors—the plaids, the checks, cheviots, poiles de chevres, bison cloths, canvas and basket-woven tissues, Gobelin brocades, beiges, camels'-hair and veiling stuffs, all are in fresh new colors that women love to pore over and ponder long and well about before selecting the new dresses for the incoming season.

Fireside Chat.

CLEANING AND WASHING.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

AMONGST other recipes for renovating black silks are sponging with one part of beer and two parts of water; sponging with a preparation made by steeping an old black glove in vinegar, till the glove be a soft pulp, then adding a little lukewarm water, to reduce the strength; sponge on both sides—this last recipe is an excellent one for reviving the black of rusty black lace.

First brush it well with a soft hair brush, then tack it to a black foundation of old cashmere or alpaca, and sponge it with the preparation.

If the color be very bad, add a few drops of logwood to the preparation; roll the lace up after being sponged, and when dry enough, pull it into shape with your fingers, and press it smooth in a book. Do not iron it.

For sponging old black silks, a piece of old black cashmere should be used, and for sponging colored silks, a piece of white cashmere, or some of the same color.

Cotton must be used to cover the table upon which they are sponged, or else it will leave white fluff all over it, which will be difficult to get off.

An old black shawl is as good a thing as any.

Old silks of any color can be cleaned with alcohol.

Pour a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of whisky or gin; and when cool, sponge with the liquid.

Another method is, to boil an old kid glove, of the same color as the dress, in water, and when the glove is reduced to a pulp, take it off the fire; use lukewarm water to dilute it, and try a small piece of silk with the mixture, when, if it be too stiff, you must dilute it still further.

Indeed, in nearly every recipe for dealing with silk, this is a wise course to pursue, for, to find the whole dress too stiff when finished is annoying in the extreme.

An American recipe for cleaning white or very light-colored silk is to rub it over with slightly moistened Indian meal.

Both sides of the silk should be thus treated; the material laid flat, while doing it, on a clean blanket.

In no case have I found ironing answer for silks, either white or colored.

It seems to take the "goodness" out of them, and makes them soft and poor.

When a silk has been sponged, roll it, each breadth separately, on a thick roll formed of newspapers, and cover with a thick towel.

The process usually answers the purpose of pressing, if carefully performed.

I have mentioned oxgall repeatedly in this paper.

The crude oxgall is to be procured at any butcher's, and is extensively used by the cleaners of woolen materials, as it effectually removes grease and oil, without injuring the material or the color of the substance.

In fact, in not only cleanses, but restores the brightness of the color.

It is a most wonderful agent in restoring and cleansing carpets also, the carpet being first well beaten and shaken, and laid firmly and evenly again on the floor.

Then it may be washed over with a solution of oxgall and water in the proportion of one-fourth of oxgall, and three-fourths of cold soft water.

The gall must then be rubbed off with a clean flannel.

Any particularly dirty spot should be rubbed with pure gall.

The latter should be kept it a bottle well corked.

Very few people know how to wash flannel or woven woolens and merinos of any kind properly, and, to my mind, it is wise to have them all washed at home, by a careful person, when it is in any way practicable.

The best recipe that I know is an American one.

Take as much cold water as is needed for washing your flannels, and add to it either borax or ammonia, to soften it, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a gallon of water; then make a lather with some good curd or good yellow soap, and wash the flannels in this.

Rubbing of any kind, either with or without soap, is very injurious to flannels, as it mats or felts them, and they should be squeezed and rinsed up and down lightly in the lather only.

Rinse in cold water, ring as dry as possible, and hang to dry with the bands or heaviest part upwards.

Let them dry thoroughly, and press with a warm iron.

The woven under-clothing, as a rule, is much better mangled only, not ironed, and it should on no account be stretched.

White flannels which have become yellow by use may be whitened by putting them into a solution of soap and ammonia, in the proportion of one and a half pounds of soap to two-thirds of a pound of ammonia, and fifty pounds of water.

Sateens, cambrics, zephyrs, etc., of the most delicate colors, may be washed as follows.

Shave half a pound of soap into a gallon of boiling water, let it melt, and when melted turn it into a washing-tub of lukewarm water.

Then stir a quart of bran into another tub of lukewarm water, and have ready a third tub with cold water.

Put the dress into the first tub of lather, rub gently, and turn and twist it about in the water.

Then squeeze it out, treat in the same way in the tub of bran water; rinse in the clean tub; dry, and dip in starch, made the same way as for shirts.

Dry again, and then rinse in clear water; then dry again.

When ready, sprinkle it for the ironing, and roll it up in the thickest cloth you can find, to be ironed.

Use the irons as hot as possible, without burning the dress.

On a fine sunny day several dresses may be done up in a few hours in this manner.

These pretty-colored dresses can also be washed in potato or bran water.

Potato water is made by grating four or five good-sized raw raw and peeled potatoes into about a gallon of warm water; and bran water by soaking a quart of bran in a gallon of water, and then straining the liquid.

Wash the dresses in either of these, and rinse them in a thinner solution of it.

If the colors "run," about twopennyworth of sugar of lead dissolved in the water will set them.

Grey, blue, or buff linen dresses may be preserved from spotting by an ounce of black pepper dissolved in the first water in which they are washed.

Holland dresses, or any articles worked in crewel-work or linen, may be washed in bran-water, lukewarm, after being rolled in a cloth, may be ironed with a cool iron, on the wrong side first.

It is only fair to say that I have met with clever washerwomen who consider that washing crewels in a cool lather, and wringing them as absolutely dry as possible through a machine, was all that was requisite to preserve the colors, and they appeared to succeed also.

Correspondence.

MAIDISM.—Don't; you will repent it if you do.

C. W.—The name Estelle is the French form of Stella, a star.

SPENCER.—A half cent of 1797 is worth from 10 to 25 cents, according to condition.

KENT.—The word melancholy is derived from two Greek words, signifying "black bile."

SUSAN.—Unless you were previously acquainted, he was impertinent and intrusive in bowing to you.

SUBSCRIBER AND GROCER.—He is in every way reliable. We would advise you to write again, and make inquiries of him about the matter.

TOM.—The number of fixed stars seen at any one time by the naked eye does not exceed 1,000; but by the telescope many millions may be discovered.

ANNIE.—1. The salary obtained would depend entirely on your experience and ability. 2. It is under the average height, but in all probability you will continue to grow for some years.

BOOKWORM.—Do you think it a good thing yourself? Do you not feel it a better plan to keep one day apart on which you may "dispose your soul," as some old writer says, and ornament is for eternity?

TROUBLED.—To remove warts the following is said to be efficacious: Cut a piece of potato and rub the wart with it. Continue this every night, letting the moisture dry on it, and the wart will soon disappear.

B. B.—1. A tonic is a medicine that is given for increasing the tone or strength of the system. 2. Hors de combat means "disabled;" it is pronounced hor-deh-com-bah. 3. Not necessarily so, as many foreign words are so much used in the English language.

H. F. B.—We would think failing to answer her letters, and in nowise speaking of her, should have the desired effect. But have you told the truth about your not giving any encouragement? Before taking any steps at all, make sure of your own position in the matter. If you have not done right, and are not doing right, it will come against you as inevitably as the sun shines in the sky.

M. L. B.—An English geographical or nautical mile contains 6,075 feet. An English statute mile contains 5,280 feet. The American mile is the same length. For your information we give you the following extent of the miles of other countries: Irish mile, 6,720 feet; German short mile, 20,577 feet; German long mile, 27,474 feet, and Swedish mile, 35,000 feet.

ELSIE.—Your bird is most probably moulting; at least the symptoms you describe lead us to believe that such is the case. Moulting is a sickness to which all the feathered tribe is liable, during which time (about three months), they undergo much pain; they require, therefore, care and nourishing food, as well as being kept warm and out of any draught of wind.

NOS.—We are unable to say how many copies of their almanac are annually issued by any of the manufacturers patent medicines. Three million copies of the Chinese Almanac are printed every year at Pekin. It not only predicts the weather, but makes a note of lucky and unlucky days, and contains recipes, and rules for marriage and burial, etc.

H. J.—Knives and forks have been made in England for five centuries, and of course been in use for that time or longer. Forks were known and in use on the continent of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Anthracite coal was first used as fuel by two Connecticut blacksmiths named Gore in 1768 and 1769. It was first used for domestic purposes by Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1808.

ARDENT.—There are whole books devoted exclusively to the art of making perfumes; and besides these, a great deal may be found upon the subject scattered through the chemical and pharmaceutical journals and cyclopedias. You can get these books through any bookseller, and can learn much by studying them, but a thorough knowledge of the art of perfumery, or, indeed, any other art, can only be gained by years of practice.

L. A.—If you tell the young lady the exact truth, as you have told it to us, there will be no danger of you offending her. You can speak of your partiality for her for a long time before that occasion, of the irresistible vision of loveliness which she presented under the flowering tree in the moonlight, and of your inability to restrain an expression of the love you then felt for her. A girl can stand a good deal of that kind of thing without taking offence.

ROSLEY.—We think the person who could send an anonymous letter is in no better frame of mind than the foolish thoughtless girls she finds fault with. Why should you "do evil?" So far as your personal influence and example go, use them on your friend, and discourage scandal and evil speaking by always finding something kind to say of the absent of whom the evil is spoken. Anonymous letters are equal to a cowardly stab in the dark; the people who send them would not dare to say openly what they say anonymously.

ORPHA.—Orpheus was a god and poet, the husband of Eurydice, who, as she fled before Aristæus, was bitten by a serpent, and died of the wound. Orpheus was so disconsolate that he ventured to descend into Hades, where, by the melody of his lyre, he obtained from Pluto the restoration of his wife to life, provided he did not look behind him till he reached the earth. He violated this treaty in his eagerness to behold his wife, and she was taken from him forever. Beige is a yellowish fawn-color; hortensia, the color of the hydrangea, a powdery light blue; Sultan, a deep scarlet; noisette, hazel nut-color; lichen, a kind of yellowish green.

SWART.—If there is anything repulsive about a human being, it is a fretful spirit and a sorrowful face. If there is anything utterly repelling and disgusting, it is the sour-visaged one who cannot smile or wear a cheerful look, but who continually broods over his misfortunes, and so keeps on the shadowy side of everything. God's sunshine is nothing to him, any more than the sunlight of Heaven is to the poisonous nettleweed under the shadow of the slimy rock, or dense shrubbery. His dwarfed and selfish spirit is as nearly like the nettleweed as it can be, or like anything else that grows in gloom and darkness.